OUTLOOK
and Independent

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OCTOBER 21, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

Whose Half Billion?

To the Editor: *Detroit*

SIR—Does not the proposition of furnishing half a billion dollars to "American Industry" offer a number of fascinating speculations? If five hundred millions already provided succeeded in putting the price of wheat and cotton to the lowest point for some thirty years, what will be the effect of a like sum on the security market? Must we look for a further calamity there?

Who will get the five hundred million thus easily passed out? The banks? They have today more cash than they can use profitably. Will the government use this fund to buy favored "securities"? If so, whose? And, after buying them, will it hold them over the market to menace any legitimate buying for an indefinite period? As it did in the case of wheat?

Whose five hundred million dollars are they going to take for this purpose; yours and mine? And by what right do they thus rob Peter to pay Paul? Is this inherent in the government?

As Jack London used to say, I am curious to know.

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN.

Misunderstanding the Farmer

To the Editor: *Des Moines, Iowa*

SIR—The most remarkable remark in the OUTLOOK for September 30 is not in the section of the paper regularly devoted to such remarks. The most remarkable remark appears in your editorial comment on page 135, where I read: "Rural voters have a habit of getting what they want from Congress, whatever the cost to the country." It is remarkable that the editors of a national magazine should so misunderstand the rural voters and what they have desired and received from the government. Your assumption that rural voters wanted the Federal Farm Board is all wrong. They wanted either the equalization fee or the debenture plan of farm relief. But the eastern industrial and political leaders feared that these proposals might actually increase the price they would have to pay farmers for food products and raw materials so they brought forth this substitute in the form of a Farm Board as a political remedy to meet the situation in the campaign of 1928. The Farm Board's five hundred million dollars should not be charged to farm relief, for it helped them none. It should really be charged to campaign expenses, for it helped a political party meet a situation about which they were frightened.

Your remarkable remark is in line with the attitude you have long taken toward rural people and especially those of the Middle West. Not once have I read in your paper an editorial or article which indicated that the writer had a sympathetic understanding of this section of the country.

Nevertheless I intend to keep on reading the OUTLOOK despite the fact that it now requires fifteen bushels of wheat to pay for a year's subscription compared with two or three bushels formerly required. I like it because I do not find in its pages the platitudinous nonsense found in most of the Tory journals of the east. Your courage excites my admiration. You stimulate my thinking because you do not travel the old rut—you have one of your own with a destination delightfully unknown. Your assumption that prohibition is the principal issue in this country amuses me. Your provincialism excites my wonder, and my interest in your intellectual acrobatics never fails, for I continue to hope that in some of these gyrations you may light on your feet with your head level and clear, and then you might get a complete view of this country, including that portion west of the Allegheny Mountains.

HOMER HUSH, M. C.

Ritchie vs. *Roosevelt*

To the Editor: *Ambler, Pa.*

SIR—Very evidently the OUTLOOK is for Roosevelt in 1932. A believer in the OUTLOOK's integrity and honesty in fighting for the right, I am nevertheless forced to question its sincerity in this wet and dry business. For Roosevelt is *not* "wet enough," Illinois' *pronunciamento* to the contrary. (You might ask Al Smith!) Else, why is the fanatically dry South ready to swallow him hook, line and sinker? No, plainly Roosevelt is a political opportunist. He will straddle the prohibition question, if his party will permit him to do so; and maybe he will straddle it anyway. Ritchie is the man of the hour, and I am much chagrined that you do not see him. It looks queer to me.

WM. H. SETON.

Presidential Portraits

To the Editor: *Syracuse, N. Y.*

SIR—In more than fifty years' reading I have never before seen such a disgusting, insulting, outrageous cartoon designed to criticize the President of our country as that on the inside cover page of the August 26, 1931, OUTLOOK; to which you add a similar gross picture, Janus, on page 518, and repeat it on page 4, September 2nd.

The President of the United States is the chosen chief representative of all our people. He should be treated by each of us always with dignified respect. To represent our President as a stupid, gluttonous moron, as you do in these cartoons, is proof that the editorial management of the OUTLOOK has degenerated grievously, and has descended to the publication of a scurrilous weekly that fosters disrespect and contempt for our national government and its chief officers. Such a journal is not fit to enter homes where children and young folks are, where it promotes the spirit of lawlessness and criminality that you so vigorously deplore in your opposition to prohibition.

H. W. JORDAN.

Bouquet

To the Editor: *Wichita, Kansas*

SIR—As a subscriber to the OUTLOOK I want to express my very deep appreciation of the way in which you handle the prohibition question. To my mind this is a burning issue which grows daily in importance which only can be settled right by repeal of the iniquitous Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Any single one of the salient objections to prohibition is sufficient to condemn it.

HENRY WARE ALLEN.

Three Phobias

To the Editor: *Shawnee, Okla.*

SIR—Your editor appears to be suffering with three different phobias—one against ex-service men, one against the Eighteenth Amendment and the third against President Hoover. The balance of your paper is filled with good reading matter, but the balance is very, very small.

T. D. ROWLAND, M. D.

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War Brews in Manchuria
What the Japanese are Seeking
By Brig-Gen. Henry J. Reilly

The Japanese have a definite aim in their recent moves and, according to this distinguished military observer, it was visible at least five years ago.

Rodeo Blues
By Helena Huntington Smith

A story of another American phenomenon, the rodeo, an institution worthy of Barnum himself.

Roosevelt: A Biography
VII—The Bully Fight at San Juan
By Henry F. Pringle

The Rough Riders stole a transport from the regulars in their rush to reach Cuba first—and there controversy followed their trail. A vivid story of the fights which led T. R. to the Presidency.

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BACK PORCH CAMPAIGN

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

Trend of the Week

Not for Mrs. Morrow

MRS. DWIGHT W. MORROW is, we believe, far too intelligent and sensible a woman to heed the suggestion that she succeed her late husband in the United States Senate. To be sure, she cannot prevent Jersey politicians from proposing her appointment, and so making themselves popular with the public, but unless we are badly mistaken she will not allow the appointment to be made.

As a Senator, Mrs. Morrow might show greater ability but she would still be in the same class with Washington's other congressional widows—those walking testimonials to the unreasoning sentimentality of electorates. We do not believe she would care for the rôle. We do not believe she would desire the position in the Senate unless she were qualified by political, legal and business experience to fill it as her brilliant husband would have filled it had he lived. Mrs. Morrow probably would be the first to recognize that she could not hope to carry on the outstanding work of her husband. Though, at that, we daresay she could carry it on as well as, and better than, most of the party hacks now yearning to have a try at it.

Please Pass the Crow

BEFORE the 1931 World Series started we pointed out that the two teams participating were the same that participated in the series of 1930, that they had exactly the same managers and were playing in exactly the same ball parks. The same teams, managers and parks, we reasoned; ergo, the same outcome. On the basis of this, the precedent system of forecasting, we predicted that the Philadelphia Athletics would win the series in six games. They lost in seven. We said they would win the first, 5-2. They won, 6-2. We said they would win the second, 6-1. They lost, 2-0. We said the St. Louis Cardinals would win the third, 6-0. They won, 5-2. We said they would win the fourth, 3-1. They lost, 3-0. We said the Athletics would win the fifth, 2-0. They lost, 5-1. We said the Athletics would win the sixth, 7-1. They won, 8-1. We said there would be no seventh game. There was a seventh game. It was won, 4-2, by the Cardinals.

Now, to be sure, Professor Irving Fisher, in September, 1929, you predicted that "there may be a recession of stock prices, but not anything in the nature of a crash." But just the same, Professor, you needn't eat *all* that crow.

Beer Resolution

WE WELCOME the wet action taken by the New Jersey legislature because it emphasizes general dissatisfaction with Volsteadism and definitely demonstrates the wetness of New Jersey. While the legislature's resolution asking Congress to modify the Volstead act to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer will cut little ice in official Washington, it strengthens the movement to re-legalize brewing, disproves dry claims that prohibition is a dead issue and proves wet claims that New Jersey's fourteen electoral votes may conceivably be had by the party which is frankly wet in 1932.

This is not saying that the New Jersey legislature has completed an entirely satisfactory job. No honest wet can be blind to the political motives involved. The Republican party in New Jersey has been wet but not so wet as the Democratic—eleven of the twelve votes against the resolution in the legislature were cast by Republicans—and has tried to attract wets by wet gestures and drys by letting the gestures remain just that and nothing more. The present move comes on the eve of an election for governor. Nevertheless, the fact that Republican politicians see the need for such a gesture indicates that the state is firmly opposed to Volsteadism.

A better course for the New Jersey legislature would have been to repeal the state enforcement act, as other legislatures have done. Not only is that incontrovertible evidence that a state is wet, it also marks the end of that state and federal coöperation in enforcement without which, as even sensible drys admit, prohibition cannot continue.

Hoover's Bank Program

LET us not expect too much of the Hoover plan to dissolve frozen bank assets but let us be quick to approve it. While the plan should have curative properties, it may best be regarded as a strong and generally sound measure of prevention. Fundamentally, it is designed to prevent any further loss of confidence in our banks and among our bankers.

A grave situation involving a vicious

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circle had been developing in this country. With unsound banks popping all around them, depositors, grown panicky, were

Wide World

YOUNG JOHN L.
"Pepper" Martin, heavy-hitting hero of the recent World Series

withholding or withdrawing funds from sound banks and in some cases hoarding currency—to the estimated total of $1,000,000,000. To this extent, plainly, banks lost their ability to grant credit to customers, who to the same extent lost their ability to transact business, which meant a loss to employment.

But the actual sums withdrawn or withheld by depositors represented but a fractional part of the loss to banks, borrowers and business. For bankers saw that what some depositors had done more might do, saw that, though existing conditions were dark, future conditions might be darker. Hence they felt obliged to impose drastic restrictions on their loans and to convert much of their assets into cash so as to prepare for any run which might materialize. But, selling their securities on the stock exchanges, they tipped all stock prices downward and so alarmed the public still further. The upshot was that depositors withheld or withdrew more funds, bankers contracted their loans again and sold still more securities and so it went.

To counteract this situation President Hoover proposes a five-point program. First, he asks solvent banks to make advances to depositors in closed banks, accepting the assets of these banks as security. Secondly, he will ask Congress to subscribe further capital stock to the Federal Land Banks, so that more credit may be available for farmers. Thirdly, he will ask it to permit banks which are members of the Federal Reserve System to borrow from the central Federal Reserve Banks on collateral generally considered sound but not now eligible for this use. The purpose of this suggestion is to reassure the banker by making his assets more liquid—i.e., more readily convertible into cash. For precisely the same purpose he has asked all bankers, by subscribing two per cent of their net demand and time deposits, to form a national pool—to be known as the National Credit Corporation—to make loans on bank assets not at present acceptable to Federal Reserve Banks. Finally, if this private pool proves insufficient to keep banking assets liquid and maintain the flow of credit, Mr. Hoover will advocate the creation of a similar government pool to supplement it.

The tendency of the program will be to restore public confidence in banks, check the hoarding of currency, revive the spirits of bankers, stop their selling of securities and increase their loans to customers. How strong the tendency will be, and whether other developments will produce tendencies to offset it, remain to be seen.

▶▶*Its Reception*

MR. HOOVER'S bank program would have been more impressive to the man in the street had it been preceded by vigorous and effective action for the relief of the unemployed. As matters stand, the average man may complain that the Administration races to the rescue of distressed bankers but dawdles to the rescue of distressed workmen. There is some force in this protest. There would be more if employment were less dependent on the flow of credit, which this plan is designed to augment, and if the welfare of the average man were less closely connected with the welfare of the banks. Actually, since the banks are the backbone of our economic system, whatever helps or hurts them tends to help or hurt every one.

Just at present most of us are too pleased that Mr. Hoover has advanced a relief program to object that the program is one-sided, too pleased that he has done something to object that he has not done enough. Now that he has got the knack of striking at the depression, we can but pray that his blows will continue. The generous and widespread approval that has greeted his few constructive moves—notably his moratorium and his anti-bonus address—should encourage him to make more of them. As he himself said in his October 7 statement explaining his banking program, it requires determination to overcome our present difficulties. Determined, intelligent leadership is precisely what the people expect of their President in times like these. Every time he shows such leadership he will find all fair observers eager to give him his due.

▶▶*Death of the Derby*

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE hat is definitely out. American fashion experts say so; Lucien Lelong, the couturier, has arrived from Paris confirming them. No one is buying Eugénie hats and women who can afford it are throwing theirs away. We report these facts with satisfaction. Empress Eugénie hats are silly anachronisms, unbecoming to almost all women. It will be nice when the last one reaches the dust-bin.

But what accounts for the short life of this fashion? Is it because an innovation which catches on quickly always perishes quickly? Is it because women are discovering from E. A. Rheinhardt's new biography that Eugénie in reality was not a gracious and elegant lady to be imitated but a tyrant and a shrew who made her husband miserable? Or is it because, thanks to newspaper and magazine writers and cartoonists, the ladies have at last seen the joke?

Grabber-at-straws that we are, we are accepting the last explanation. Wildly optimistic, we are not only accepting it but taking it as a portent and a sign. We look forward to a rosy future in which women, variable as the seasons and ever freshly enchanting, will nevertheless reject fashions which impede them, distort them and make them look terrible. It will be a glorious future, full of women who are beautiful and at the

Harris & Ewing

SUGGESTED FOR SENATE
Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, wife of the late Senator from New Jersey

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same time comfortable and not too perishable in wind and rain. If it comes to pass, it will more than justify the pains which have been taken for feminine emancipation. The women suffrage leaders who historically picketed the White House will not have nursed their tired feet in vain.

▶▶*Four Explanations*

THE legislative committee investigating the government of New York City has been examining the bank accounts of Sheriff Farley of New York County, City Clerk Cruise, Chief Clerk Perry of the City Court (all Tammany leaders) and Register McQuade of Kings County, Democratic leader of Brooklyn.

Sheriff Farley's bank deposits from January, 1925, to September, 1931, totalled $360,660.34, though his salary during that time never exceeded $15,000 a year, his earnings from real estate sales amounted to less than $30,000, and he had, he said, no other gainful pursuits. Asked to explain the other deposits, Sheriff Farley said that they were made by withdrawing cash, which he had saved since 1910, from a tin box in his home and from a safe deposit vault in a bank. "Put it in," he testified, "and take it out."

City Clerk Cruise's bank deposits from January, 1925, to September, 1931, totalled $142,800.36, of which only $63,300.96 came from his salary. Asked to explain the other deposits, Cruise said that he received $15,000 or $16,000 from the Tammany Central Association to distribute in his district and that he obtained other sums by sale of Liberty bonds, mortgaging some property and closing a loan of $1,000. "I'm as clear as crystal," he testified, "an honest, upright life all my life."

Chief Clerk Perry's bank deposits from January, 1926, to September, 1931, totalled $136,061.50, of which but $53,721.27 came from his annual salary of $12,000. Asked to explain the other deposits, Perry said that his mother-in-law and father-in-law had left about $2,000 each on their deaths in 1922 and that he had borrowed money here and there. Also, he testified, "I probably won some bets."

Register McQuade's bank deposits from January, 1925, to September, 1931, totalled $547,254.03, of which but $47,097.66 came from his salary which never exceeded $12,000 a year. Asked to explain the other deposits, McQuade said that they consisted of money borrowed to aid other members of his family, that the deposits were numerous because time and time again he had borrowed from Peter to pay Paul, and that he couldn't furnish the names of persons from whom he borrowed. He had no data at all concerning them because, he testified, "as the money was paid, it was off my mind and I thanked God for it and destroyed anything I might have."

Nevertheless, some New Yorkers insist that the four explainers should be removed from office. They say that the four explanations do not satisfy them. You just can't satisfy some people.

▶▶*For the Unemployed*

WHATEVER THE FAULTS of the Hoover program for the relief of unemployment

Wide World

MOBILIZER-IN-CHIEF
Owen D. Young, of the Hoover Commission on Unemployment Relief

—and its faults, we feel, are many and serious—it has, after all, fundamentally the same objective as all other programs—the prevention and relief of suffering. It is, moreover, so far as can now be seen, the tool with which willy-nilly we must work. For, whatever we believe should be done, this is what is going to be done. Other programs exist solely in the minds of their sponsors. This one is actually at hand. Its very inadequacy means that we must work the harder with it. Certainly none of us who hope for relief for the unemployed should, at this stage, defeat our own desire by quarreling over the method by which that relief is to be extended and by opposing any program which does not coincide with our own ideas. Now that Owen D. Young, utilizing the full power of the press, the radio, the motion picture and the billboard, is launching Mr. Hoover's program for the national mobilization of local relief funds, the OUTLOOK is happy to be able to help by contributing both editorial support and advertising space.

▶▶*Capitalism vs. Socialism*

THE British parliamentary elections on October 27 are to determine whether or not Britain has confidence in the National government established last August. Requesting support for this government, Premier MacDonald has stated that, "as it is impossible to foresee in the changing conditions of today what may arise, nobody can set out a program of detail on which specific pledges can be given." Thus he not only seeks a vote of confidence but demands a perfectly free hand.

It is not mere cheek which makes him withhold pledges while asking for votes. The political set-up practically prevents him from taking any other course. From the 1929 election until August, it is to be remembered, Mr. MacDonald headed the Labor government which existed by grace of an unofficial coalition with the remnants of a once mighty Liberal party. This government was replaced in August by the National government which, headed by MacDonald, was in reality a coalition of Conservatives and Liberals plus a handful of Laborites who stuck with their Premier while the bulk of the Labor party left him. To insure the policies of the new government from Labor attack Mr. MacDonald now finds it necessary to have the electorate's vote of confidence, expressed in the election of enough Conservatives, Liberals and MacDonald Laborites to constitute an unassailable majority in the House of Commons. It is because these three groups are not agreed on specific issues, such as a tariff, that Mr. McDonald is compelled to avoid specific pledges.

In last analysis he is requesting a free hand for capitalism, as represented by the Conservatives, Liberals and MacDonald Laborites, rather than for Socialism, as represented by the official Labor party. And that is the fundamental issue, Capitalism vs. Socialism. Where it is only implied by Mr. MacDonald, it is frankly recognized by Arthur Henderson, the new Labor leader. "Capitalism has broken down," says Mr. Henderson, "and labor will no longer tinker with its patent inadequacies. Socialism is the only alternative in the present chaos and the resolutions of this [the Labor party's] conference have been consciously intended to effect the transformation of the

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Wide World

H. R. H.
Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales

present system into a Socialist State." These resolutions demand undiminished doles, government control of banking and of financial institutions and some socialization of land, mines and industries. Doubtless the election will be cut through with tariff talk and with personalities, but the decision will be between Socialism and Capitalism with the betting odds on Capitalism.

▶▶*Prince in the Movies*

A LONG-SUFFERING MAN, the Prince of Wales. He gives up horseback riding to please Parliament, makes tedious journeys to countries where British trade is lagging and wears a straw hat whenever the straw hat business needs a fillip. For years he has done his nervous best over the radio and in news reels and now he is bettering even that. He is appearing in a full-length talkie. The picture, which will probably be called *I Serve*, from the motto on the Prince's crest, will depict his interests and activities, with emphasis on their strenuousness. It will take the audience through typical days of his varied life, showing his study at York House, his farming activities, his official duties, his business enterprises and philanthropies. We salute the Prince and wish him a good reign. He will have earned it.

As to this talkie, though, no good American could think of it without a sigh of regret. It sounds like a dull affair —scenes showing the princely fox farms and pensioners and mines, accompanied by running commentary in question and answer form. Fit for tenants and servants, for whom, indeed, it is intended. And the title, *I Serve*. Has Britain no Griffiths, no Cecil B. De Milles? Can't it see publicity even when it is offered on a platinum platter? Think what Hollywood would do with a chance like this. "And Now—At Last—Across the Golden Horizon—A New Star! A Prince! A King To Be! The World—The Universe—Has Been Waiting for Him. H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES!! See Him Inspecting His Fox Farm With Marlene Dietrich! Visiting the Sick with Jean Harlow and the Jolliness Boys! Epic! Colossal! Stupendous! Glorious! Gripping! Every Human Being Will Return Again and Again To See This Thrilling Spectacle—The Prince of Wales in—" Well, not in *I Serve*, anyway. In Hollywood the title doubtless would become *Prince of Passion*.

▶▶*Known But Not True*

Two misconceptions about employment insurance are taking their place in the American credo. The first is that an employment insurance system inevitably implies a government dole. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A dole comes into a system only when a government comes in with contributions. Governments do not contribute to purely voluntary systems—in which the funds are furnished by employers and employees—and they may or may not contribute to compulsory systems. A voluntary system no more involves a dole than ordinary life insurance. A compulsory system may involve a dole, but need involve it no more than accident insurance made compulsory by state compensation acts.

The second misconception centers around foreign systems, such as the British and the German, wherein the government does contribute to the insurance fund. Here the popular notion is that the benefits to the unemployed consist entirely of payments by the government, that the jobless live solely on government doles and that this raises Cain with their characters. The extent of this error is shown by Harold Callender's figures in the New York *Times*. From July, 1921, to March, 1931, $2,811,000,000 was paid out of Britain's insurance fund, yet only twenty-five per cent of the fund came from the government. In Germany $1,208,000,000 was paid out of the insurance fund from its inception in October, 1927, through March, 1931, yet only twenty-nine per cent of this fund came from the government. The rest—seventy-five cents out of every dollar in Britain, seventy-one cents out of every dollar in Germany—came from payments made to the funds by employers and employees—and this, mind you, during an unprecedented depression.

We present these facts and figures to offset the work of misinformed and prejudiced opponents of employment insurance. So long as these misconceptions prevail, intelligent discussion of the subject is impossible.

▶▶*Hitler's Hope*

BEFORE SNOW FLIES Adolf Hitler hopes to erect a Fascist state in Germany. His plan is to compel new parliamentary elections by forcing the dissolution of the Reichstag. Once elections are called, he hopes to make political capital of the prevailing discontent and unemployment in Germany—just as he did last year—expects to gain enough seats to control the Reichstag and make himself Germany's Mussolini. Hitler has toyed with this ambition for years. Once upon a time the world laughed at him. It laughs no more. Hitler has ridden so far on the waves of depression that one can but wonder where he will stop.

It is probable that the Reichstag will vote for or against its dissolution before we are off the press. Right now the odds are all against Hitler's securing a majority. Of the 557 seats in the Reichstag his Nazis (National Socialists or Fascists) have but 107 and can control but 60 more through the Nationalist and Peasant League parties. Even if the Communist members support him, his stratagem would need 70 more votes—votes likely to be withheld, since they belong to parties to which general elections would mean loss of seats. Moreover, even if Hitler should corner a majority in the Reichstag, President Hindenburg might conceivably prevent the proposed

Keystone

REICH RIGHTIST
Adolf Hitler, leader of the German Fascists

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elections—might, in fact, dissolve the Reichstag and set up a moderate dictatorship of his own.

If the elections are held, however, the Nazis probably will gain seats, though not, in all likelihood, a majority of them. Yet if they could form a temporary coalition with the Communists and the two other Nationalist parties they would not need to win a majority of the seats to control the Reichstag; gains only slightly greater than those they made in the 1930 elections would do the trick. The whole situation makes one realize anew that, while nothing drastic is likely to happen, something drastic easily can happen, in modern Germany.

▸▸*Cause and Effect*

PRESIDENT HOOVER has again proved his ability to ignore embarrassing causes in discussing well-known effects. Addressing the St. Petersburg, Fla., convention of police chiefs, he said: "There is a sentimentalism in some people which makes heroes out of criminals, which needs replacement by a sentimentalism that makes a popular hero of the policeman." This, of course, is true. But why is it true? The police themselves know the answer. In so far as they lack the support and respect of the citizenry it is because they are compelled to enforce laws which lack the support and respect of the citizenry. Ninety per cent of the trouble can be explained in one word—prohibition.

Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York discussed this subject some weeks ago, though not with his eyes closed to the prohibition law. "The law," he said, "makes tyrants out of the police while the public makes heroes out of its bootleggers." Through prohibition, he continued, "the government has lost, not money alone, but what is dearer to liberty than money—respect and affection for its law and authority. The criminal has gained, not money alone, but what is more costly to liberty in America—the support and patronage of masses of people." This is the opinion, borne out a thousand times, of a police chief who knows police work from A to Z. The police chiefs can tell us where the rub comes, even if Mr. Hoover can't—or won't.

▸▸*Just Before the Battle*

THE average voter doubtless thinks of the opening of the next presidential campaign as being a long way off. As a matter of fact, the preliminary blows will be struck in about two months and they will be falling thick and fast by early spring. The Republican National Committee probably will meet in December to set the time and place for the Republican convention as well as the representation therein of the states. The Democratic National Committee will do likewise in January and by the end of February we shall know something definite about the identities of the Democratic candidates for President. Nominating petitions must be filed for the Illinois presidential primary early that month and, two weeks later, the candidates must declare themselves if they wish to enter the primary in Ohio. New Hampshire and North Dakota will indicate their presidential preferences in March. Eight key states—New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Illinois and Ohio—will follow suit in April. More primaries and state conventions will be held in May, the two national conventions will be staged in June and then will come the campaigns proper—four months of them until election day on November 8. Unless all the signs are misleading, the contest soon to open will be something to interest and arouse the most surfeited citizen who ever stayed away from a polling booth.

▸▸*Skin-Saving Theory*

NATURALLY, we believe that Congress should submit to the states an amendment either repealing or revising the Eighteenth Amendment. Ordinary intellectual honesty, however, keeps us from attempting to obscure what this means. It means that every Congressman who votes for the submission of such an amendment will be voting wet.

There are two steps in the adoption of an amendment. The first is taken by Congress when it submits an amendment to the states. The second is taken by the states when they accept or reject it. In both cases a vote for the amendment implies approval, a vote against it

Remarkable Remarks

We have everything we need in this country, money, raw materials, workers, ability, all but confidence. Mr. Hoover's suggestion has given the people confidence, and that's all we need to pull out of this depression.—WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.

A. M. Lister, 3827P, Galveston, Texas, $5 prize.

The present depression has brought about a situation which threatens to become tragic.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

J. J. Bruehlman, Republic, Ohio, $2 prize.

Our people should not take the situation here so pessimistically. Laugh a bit. It would be helpful in every way.—SAMUEL INSULL.

A. J. Jeffries, Roachdale, Indiana, $2 prize.

The surest and quickest way to get decisions is by assembling congress.—SENATOR JOSEPH ROBINSON.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

I can't see all this nutty business about prohibition. The situation now is ideal. People who don't want to sell liquor don't have to and the wets get all they want to drink.—GOV. WILLIAM (ALFALFA BILL) MURRAY.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Homebreakers should be undressed and tarred and feathered, as examples to the rest of their kind.—AL CAPONE.

Mrs. B. M. Ross, 417 Pine Bluff St., Malvern, Arkansas, $2 prize.

Our city's $650,000,000 budget was spent last year without a taint of scandal about one dollar of the taxpayers' money.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

In New York we have the best judges money can buy.—JACOB PANKEN.

Julius Frasch, 55 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Between you and I and the gatepost I hate publicity.—AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON-HUTTON.

Mrs. R. Lindenbaum, 1066 S. Hayworth Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 256.

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disapproval. No one would deny the fact did not timid members of Congress hope to save their skins by passing the buck

Wide World

THREATENS WAR
Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Chinese government at Nanking

on prohibition to the states. Since they do, they are falling in love with the astounding theory—recently voiced by Chairman Shouse of the Democratic Executive Committee—that a Congressman may cast a wet vote without voting wet—i.e., may vote for the submission of a wet amendment without giving it his "personal endorsement." The basis of the theory is that it is not only the right but the duty of Congressmen to submit amendments to the decision of the states and that they usurp the function of the states when they refuse to do so.

This, of course, is nonsense. It is as much the function of Congress as of the states to decide when an amendment should be adopted. The Constitution does not say that every suggested amendment should be submitted to the states. It says that Congress shall submit amendments whenever two-thirds of both houses "shall deem it necessary." Congressmen, however, are fearful of irritating a majority of their constituents and so losing their jobs. Hence they are beginning to insist that in voting for a substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment they would simply be voting for a national referendum, without expressing any opinion on prohibition. Once we understand their dodge, it is not necessary to denounce it too violently. Possibly the end—submission of a wet amendment—justifies their means—the fantasy that Congress can go wet without going wet. But at least let us see what they're up to.

▶▶*Where's Mr. Coolidge?*

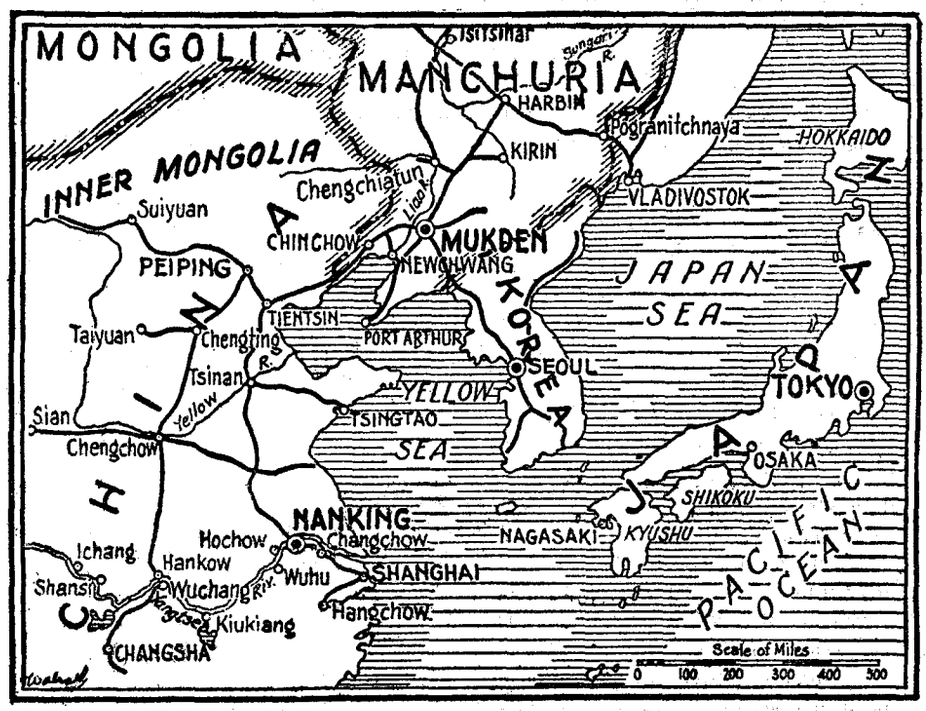
AUTUMN is one of the finest seasons of the year. It is cool then. It is no longer hot. The citizens of our great country, the United States, are refreshed by their summer vacations. They turn to their newspapers with renewed interest. They look for Calvin Coolidge's daily message. It is not there. That disheartens them.

This is happening every day throughout our great nation. Ours is the greatest nation in the world. Its citizens are great newspaper readers. They are accustomed to reading Calvin Coolidge's messages. They depend on Mr. Coolidge to tell them what season of the year it is, what our national holidays are and what a bird in the hand is worth. Last summer Mr. Coolidge announced that he would suspend his articles from June to September in order to take a rest. Rest is a fine thing. But too much rest may be as bad as too little. September has passed. September is the last summer month. It is October now. The farmers of the nation are gathering their crops. Soon it will be Halloween. But how shall we be sure of these things without Mr. Coolidge?

The people of this great nation are lonely for Mr. Coolidge's messages. Loneliness is not a good thing. Many old people, sick people and poor people become lonely. This is too bad but it cannot be helped. For Coolidge loneliness, however, there is a remedy. Mr. Coolidge must write some more daily messages. The people of our great country are confident that, if the terms of his contract are satisfactory, he will do so.

▶▶*In Brief*

SENATOR JAMES J. DAVIS of Pennsylvania declares that he "would be willing to hock the dome of the Capitol in Washington to take care of the distressed people." Senator Davis, it need hardly be said, will soon be up for reëlection . . . . As usual, the lineup of the Fighting Irish football team includes such good old Irish names as Yarr, Hoffman, Kurth, Banas, Jaskwhich, Schwartz and Sheekeetski . . . . Some Nebraskans seem to believe that we should elect Charles W. Bryan President. Skull cap, presumably, and all . . . . At last a provocative award of the Nobel Prize for literature. The Nobel Prize Committee has awarded it posthumously to the chairman of the Nobel Prize Committee . . . . Hitherto this had been the only depression without a Democrat to blame it on. Now, however, Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, has discovered that "we are suffering from a paralyzing anemia brought on by a stifling deluge of destructive Democratic propaganda" which has "so alarmed the people that the spending of money by those who have it has been reduced to a point actually below the necessities of life."



Courtesy N. Y. Times

BATTLE GROUND
Scene of the Sino-Japanese dispute in Northern China

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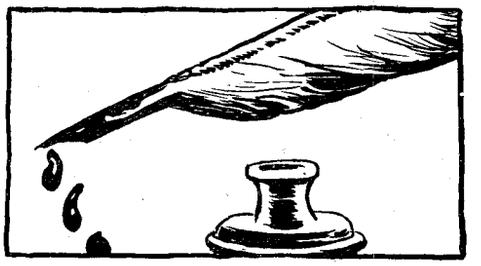
The League's Supreme Test



AS THIS is being written, the League of Nations is facing the most severe test of its existence. On the outcome may depend not only its prestige but its life. If the League can stamp out the war embers now smouldering in Northern China it will gain strength accordingly. If it cannot, it may be weakened to the point of death. For, in plain sight of all the world, the League will have failed to fulfill its basic function—to maintain peace among its members by any means available. It must be admitted that, so far, its record in this dispute has been something less than impressive. What we have here, say most observers who study the facts impartially at this time and distance, is simply a case of a strong nation, without sufficient provocation, attacking a weak one. The mildest comment it is possible to make on Japan's invasion of Manchuria is that, if she is not guilty of inexcusable aggression and of wholesale violation of treaties, then she is singularly unable to explain why not.

THE THING that Geneva cannot overlook is that, launching large-scale military operations in Chinese territory, disarming Chinese troops and occupying Chinese towns, Japan has violated the League of Nations Covenant. Under the Covenant, Japan agreed to submit any dispute with another League member (like China) to arbitration or to inquiry by the League Council, and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitrators' award or the Council's report. Her invasion of Manchuria, in retaliation for an alleged attempt by Chinese troops to destroy a section of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, violated the Covenant squarely. It also violated the Kellogg treaty, under which Japan renounced war as an instrument of national policy and pledged herself to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means, as well as the nine-power treaty, under which she agreed to respect China's sovereignty, independence and territorial and administrative integrity. Further violations of Japanese pledges were yet to come.

IT IS WORTH WHILE to glance back over the developments to date. The Japanese military operations in Manchuria, which Japan has long coveted and colonized, and in which she has a million subjects and a billion-dollar investment, began on September 18. Three days later China appealed to the League and on the following day the League Council asked both countries to avoid any act which might aggravate the situation. Two days later, on September 24, Japan announced that the military occupation had been abandoned and that she had no territorial designs on Manchuria. On the same day rumors were spread that Japan was seeking to establish a puppet government in Manchuria, the League received America's assurance of "whole-hearted sympathy" with its appeal for peace and Secretary of State Stimson asked Japan and China to refrain from activities which might be prejudicial to a peaceful settlement of their differences. On September 29 Japan replied that this request would be heeded.

WITH MATTERS well apparently on the way to a settlement, the League Council postponed its meetings on the subject until October 14. It was generally assumed that by that date all Japanese troops would be withdrawn from Chinese territory. On October 8, however, Japanese aviators, to the alarm of Washington and Geneva and in flat disregard of Japan's promise to refrain from any aggravating act, flew over and bombed Chinchow, temporary Manchurian capital on the Peking-Mukden Railway. Next day, on China's request, the League summoned its Council to meet on October 13 and repeated its appeal to both sides to refrain from acts through which the situation might be aggravated. Finally, on October 11, Mr. Stimson informed the League that its efforts for peace would be reinforced by the United States. Meanwhile, Japan had unconvincingly placed responsibility for the Chinchow bombing and for the whole invasion on China and had intimated that her troops, some of which were still on Chinese territory, would stay there until a new provincial government had been established in Manchuria which would be considerate to Tokio—i. e., a government which Japan could control. What this seemed to mean to most observers was that Japan, having long desired and closely colonized Manchuria, had finally decided to take it, and President Chiang Kai-shek of the Chinese government at Nanking made it plain that any such outcome meant a formal declaration of war.

SO MUCH for the background of the problem. Now where do we come in? What difference does it make to us whether or not the League fails to solve its problem? What affair of ours is Manchuria? Our investments in Manchuria are small; our interest in maintaining peace there is simply the interest of any other signatory of the nine-power treaty or the Kellogg pact. But if the League fails to effect peace in Manchuria, and, failing, proves that the entire machinery for enforcing peace is inadequate, we must share the responsibility. It is true that in this instance we have coöperated with the League as warmly as any one could desire. But hitherto we have done nothing to make the League a success, nothing whatever to make this, the world's strongest peace instrument, effective. We have looked upon the League as a cross between a joke and an abomination. We have rarely approached it save gingerly and covered with camouflage. In no small measure, then, we must blame ourselves if the League proves too weak to prevent a war in the Orient. We must blame ourselves if the League falls down and carries the entire present-day project of arms-reduction with it, leaving the nations to depend on their arms alone for their security. This they almost surely will do if Japan is permitted to defy the League and get away with it.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE DERIVE some amusement from partisan and premonitory statements which declare that further leniency to Europe on the score of war debts was to be expected of Herbert Hoover, the "internationalist." It is, we imagine, the line of attack which opponents of sensible forgiveness will take should the proposition materialize into a program for submission to Congress. And we have reason to believe that if the President has his way, if he continues to exhibit more of his new-found courage, a proposal for scaling down financial hangovers from the World War, in return for a similar reduction in reparations, will be laid before the gentlemen on Capitol Hill. Mr. Hoover may not care to take such a step before the presidential election, but he will, we venture, take it. The Wall Street financial interests which induced him to let them undertake the task of saving the nation from the politicians, were, we hear, excellent business men as well as national economists.

It was, to our mind, circumstances rather than courage that led Mr. Hoover to propose an extension of the German moratorium at the same time that he advanced the program for expanding the banking structure and revising the Federal Reserve System. For Mr. Hoover, contrary to popular opinion, is not an "internationalist" at all in the sense in which that term has been used with respect to him. He has, we are informed, rather definite prejudices against certain peoples. He did not have such an easy time in his mining meanderings, as recent disclosures show. The nations of Europe were constantly harassing him during his Belgium relief work, they raised up obstacles when, as Secretary of Commerce, he sought to widen the field of opportunity for American commerce and they have frustrated many of his presidential proposals. As he was pushed into the declaration for the original moratorium, so he was warned that unless he acted promptly to mobilize the nation's credit resources, we might face a panic worse than any in recent history. We have it on the authority of a high treasury official that, in the three days when Wall Street financiers were commuting between New York City and the White House, there was serious doubt whether anything could be saved from the wreckage. He was told, too, that steps to improve the domestic situation would not be sufficiently comprehensive, and that American investments in foreign securities must be safeguarded. Thus was born the two-headed program to relieve little banks in trouble at home and big banks in difficulty because of conditions abroad. Thus the Herbert Hoover who, as a member of the debt funding commission, vigorously opposed excessive generosity to our ex-Allies, now proposes to reduce the burden of inter-governmental debts.

Considerable confusion surrounds the President's intentions with respect to the debts, but confusion concerning White House plans is to be expected these days.

Mr. Hoover, as we suggest, is being borne along by circumstances. We do know that in his preliminary conferences with members of Congress he emphasized the necessity for extending the German moratorium from one to three years. Only a few days before he had insisted that there could be no thought of a further postponement until it had been ascertained how the present delay would work out. To the White House conference he proposed a definite stay of an extra year, not in his formal statement but in the discussion which followed. When the press reported this fact, the White House hastened to declare that at no time was such a suggestion advanced. A few days later, Mr. Hoover let it be known that the question which will dominate in the deliberations with Premier Pierre Laval of France is "capacity to pay in abnormal times." He also let it be known that this, in his mind, means a reduction all-around. The words he uses in discussing the matter with his advisers are "necessary readjustment."

Despite these contradictory utterances, we do not share the opinion of those who feel that Mr. Hoover is vacillating again. As we get it from his friends, he is seeking to solidify national and political sentiment behind a scaling down program in much the same manner that Woodrow Wilson found it necessary to move slowly into the World War—the cause of it all. Wilson hated the thought of war quite as much as Mr. Hoover dislikes the idea of reduction or cancellation. The President who finally ordered the draft had earlier insisted that we were "too proud to fight" and that there is such a thing as "peace at any price."

Sentiment at the Capital, incidentally, is far ahead of Mr. Hoover. There is hardly a responsible statesman who believes that the debts will ever be collected. Most of them think that the one-year moratorium is no more than the prelude to cancellation, or an unwritten acknowledgment that Europe cannot and will not pay. The President, the politicians, the financiers, cannot and will not admit this, but opinion is almost unanimous that Uncle Sam will, as critics of this policy say, "hold the bag." Else why does that great irreconcilable, William E. Borah, advocate cancellation or revision in return for disarmament? Why does such a political nationalist as "Jim" Watson advance the idea that it makes no difference whether Congress ratifies the present moratorium or not? Why do Administration spokesmen remind us that, if she chooses, Germany herself can declare a two-year moratorium under the Young plan?

To our mind, these things indicate that the United States is growing up, politically and diplomatically. Although they dare not say so, the Republicans take the view that Europe is not going to pay anyway, so why not accept that fact gracefully rather than precipitate a period of recriminations and international ill feeling when we get the bad news bluntly and baldly!

If all this reflects a vast change in Republican statesmanship, there is an even more revolutionary revulsion among the Democrats. The followers of Woodrow Wilson have become ardent nationalists. Minority Leader "Joe" Robinson, Senator "Cy-arter" Glass of Virginia and "Happy Jack" Garner of Texas were sputtering and spitting fire as they left the White House conference, and they have not calmed down yet. Mr. Glass, who fathered the Federal Reserve Act, does not like the idea of its expansion so as to broaden the range of eligible paper. Mr. Robinson, who spoke for and sponsored most of President Wilson's proposals for international action and coöperation, will not hear of a program to make his dead leader's dreams come true. Mr. Garner, once ready to fight for the things Wilson died for, was the most vocal critic of the President's moratorium proposal at the White House conference. Strangely, these men have long held it against President Hoover that he abandoned Wilsonian ideas and ideals after he became a Republican Cabinet member, but now that he seems about to return to Democratic doctrine, they won't permit it. Now that world conditions indicate that Woodrow Wilson was right, they desert him. They are, we fear, about to demonstrate their capacity for making political mistakes. No wonder Mr. Hoover looks happier and healthier than at any time since he entered the White House.

A. F. C.

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King Huey of Louisiana

A Portrait of Governor Long

By BARBARA GILES

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about Huey P. Long is his hardihood. During the past four years he has survived an impeachment trial, and the violent enmity of every important newspaper in Louisiana. He has been investigated and exposed in every known fashion, fought by the once-powerful New Orleans "Ring," punched in the face, and challenged to a duel.

Not only has the Governor survived these vicissitudes, but he has emerged with more personal political power than any governor of Louisiana, or, possibly, any governor in the country ever had in his own state. An enraged state legislator once thrust a copy of the Louisiana constitution at Governor Long. "Did you ever hear of this?" he demanded. Long tossed the document aside. "I am the constitution," he retorted. The statement might have been swagger then, but it is truth now. Opposition factions which Long has not overpowered or allied to himself are silenced or ignored. Huey runs the state.

For the explanation of this situation, one must look for an explanation of Huey P. Long. The story of his early life is not remarkable or particularly illuminating. As told by the Governor during his campaigns, it is a touching, Lincolnesque narrative of hardship and persecution, featuring a pony with a red saddle which the cruel taxgatherers took, and playing up young Huey's career as a salesman of cleansing powder, lard substitutes, and other commodities, including a patent medicine which is not generally mentioned outside of drug stores, and which the narrator, with uncharacteristic delicacy, omits.

Perhaps the success of the whooping, aggressive demonstrations that Huey conducted in putting across his goods gave him the idea of applying supersalesmanship to a political career. At any rate, he borrowed money for a law course at Tulane University, cleaned up a three-year curriculum in seven months flat, and was admitted to the bar. His entry into politics proper came with his election to the Public Service Commission, when Long discovered his talents as a Friend of the People. The commission, which had not figured previously as an agency of much importance, became Mr. Long's sounding board, and Louisiana began to learn about Big Interests and the Little Fellow. In view of the publicity Long obtained for the commission, it may seem ungrateful of one of his colleagues on that body to charge now that the Flaming Crusader violated a law forbidding members of the commission to act in legal cases involving corporations under the commission's jurisdiction.

In 1924 Long made his first race for Governor and was beaten, partly because the weather kept rural voters from the polls. Four years later he ran again and won.

Since that time he has demonstrated what an aggressive executive, with sufficient ambition, brains, appointive power, and funds can do for himself—and, in some degree, for the state. He promised Louisiana that if elected he would give the state paved roads, and by hoisting taxes on gasoline and floating bond issues he is fulfilling that promise. What if his enemies do point out that the roads are costing $10,000 more per mile than similar roads constructed in New Mexico and, further, that the Highway Commission pays four dollars more per ton for rock than is justified by the value of the material, which comes from a quarry operated by an out-of-the-state firm with the encouragement of a $250,000 loan from the Highway Commission? What if they do cavil at the extraordinary number of high-salaried employees required for highway building, and particularly at the number of friendly politicians and relatives of Long so employed?

The Governor's answer to these charges is conclusive: "I told 'em they'd get paved roads, and they're gettin' 'em." When complaint was made of the highway favors given Huey's home parish of Winnfield, he retorted: "What the h— are you kicking about? Didn't Winnfield Parish give you your governor?"

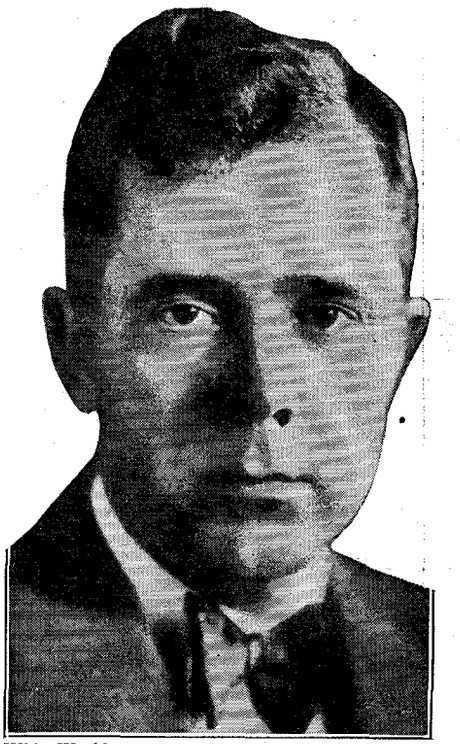
He promised free textbooks for school children and delivered them, though the issue had to be dragged through the courts. The establishment of night schools in the rural areas has helped to reduce illiteracy from 21.9 per cent to 13.5 per cent. The state university's rating has been raised, and a medical school and fine arts building have been added to the institution.

But having said this about Huey's accomplishments, one has said practically all. True, it is hard not to admire his agility in keeping several jumps ahead of the enemy, but even in this respect all the honor should not go to the Governor. One instance will indicate his methods and the results. Speaking before an audience in the piney woods section of the state, the Governor, who was then campaigning on behalf of Edwin Broussard's reëlection to the Senate, said:

"My friend, Edwin Broussard, is Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate. When the drys came to his committee and asked for $10,000,000 to enforce the Volstead Law, Edwin Broussard said, 'You need $100,000,000 and I'm in favor of letting you have it.' And another thing, Edwin Broussard saved you people $4,600,000 on your income tax."

His listeners, not one of whom gave any evidence of possessing a taxable income, threw their hats in the air and cheered for Long and Edwin Broussard. Obviously, the Governor has dealt with plastic material.

As a showman, he is nonpareil. If all the flamboyant qualities of the most freakish statesmen the South has bred during the past decade were combined in one man, he wouldn't measure up to Huey. Jumping and gesticulating, his face aflame, he shouts, shrieks, grunts, howls, or jeers but never merely speaks. His dialect ranges from careless English to Negro or "Cajun," the indescribable speech of South Louisianan descendants of the Acadian exiles, a people



Wide World

GOVERNOR LONG

The picturesque Chief Executive, now United States Senator-elect from Louisiana

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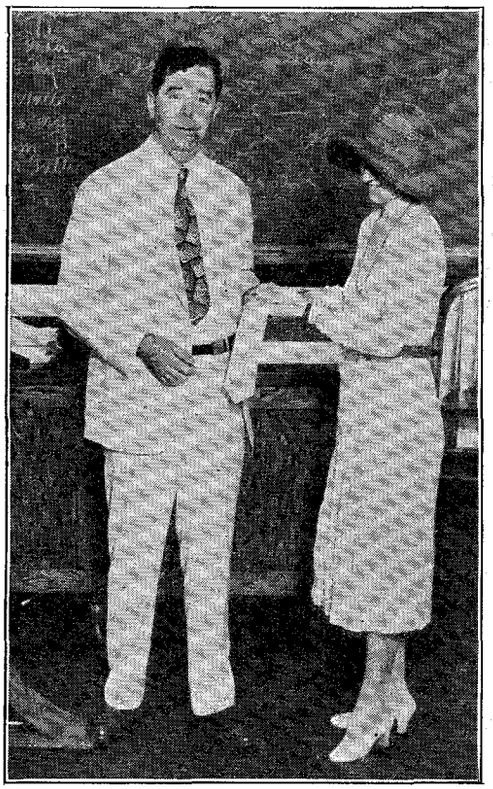


Keystone

KING HUEY AND KING COTTON

Overproduction of cotton is a Louisiana problem, and here the Governor receives gifts from the University Extension Department, which has been devising new uses for the product

with whom Huey claims kinship. Of what avail were the erudite speeches of dear, dull Mr. Ransdell against this tornado from the red clay hills of North Louisiana? The Cajuns, a peaceful, unquestioning people with a latent love of drama, were thrilled by "Whoopee" Long as no candidate had ever thrilled them. Having voted once for Ransdell because he was a Catholic, they trooped to the polls to elect the Protestant Long. Even three wards in New Orleans voted for him. Mr. Ransdell was left with little support except, as Long's paper, the Louisiana *Progress*, roguishly pointed out, the vote of the Red Light district. "Long for President" signs are exhibited in some parts of the state.

But other qualities besides his resemblance to P. T. Barnum explain Huey's grip on the administration. His despotism became apparent immediately upon his taking the oath of office. Through his appointive power, he assumed control of the Board of Health, the Highway Commission, the Orleans Parish Levee Board, the Board of Education and even the administration of Charity Hospital. From the board of the hospital he expelled Dr. Leake and installed a man who had served his interneship only four years previously. To President V. L. Roy of the State Normal College, who had favored another candidate, the Governor sneered, "You guessed wrong, didn't you?" and forced the educator's resignation, replacing him with Long's cousin.

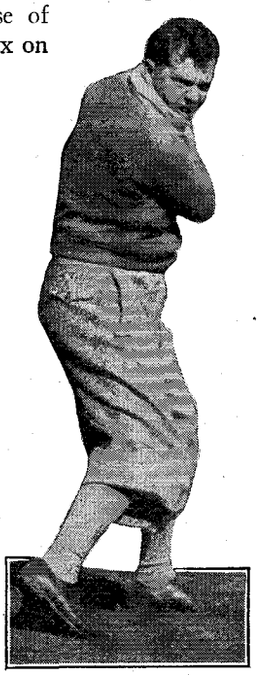
He promised during his campaign to abolish the office of inheritance tax attorney, but later changed his mind and threw out the incumbent to make way for Earl Long, his brother. Undated resignations were demanded from his appointees. Chief Justice O'Neill of the State Supreme Court handed down a decision displeasing to the Executive, and his son-in-law was fired by telegram from a state job on the following day. And the Governor, who had promised that if he were elected "every one will be king though none will wear a crown," boasted at a public meeting only a few months later that he "played the legislature like a deck of cards."

The act that cost him the support of his last newspaper was the use of the militia to raid gambling houses in Jefferson and St. Bernard Parishes. Men and women, who obviously were engaged in nothing more sinful than eating and dancing, were stripped and searched. Testimony later offered at the impeachment trial was that the Governor had telephoned his direction of the raids from a cabaret where he was the leading figure in a party which witnesses described in lurid detail.

Opposition to the Governor's methods gathered slowly. It is quite possible that Long might have gone his merry way indefinitely had he not rather overplayed his hand in calling a special session of the legislature for the purpose of levying a high occupational tax on the business of refining oil. The legislature met and decided it would be more to the point to impeach the Governor. A melodramatic scene occurred in the House of Representatives as Long supporters tried frantically to adjourn the assembly, first, by a ruse, then by physical force. It was a badly frightened executive who saw the House begin impeachment proceedings on nineteen separate counts, including bribery of state legislators and an attempt to have one Representative murdered. Huey stalked tragically through the halls and committee rooms of the State House, his swashbuckling manner laid aside for the time. Napoleon had gone Hamlet overnight. He issued one statement declaring that he was being "crucified on a cross of gold" for the profit of Standard Oil, and then kept terrified silence for a week, after which he tore through the state crying out his martyrdom.

Meanwhile, the trial dragged on. Hearings had to be held in order on each of the nineteen articles of impeachment, and testimony upon charges of serious misconduct in office was interrupted by prolonged efforts to discover why Huey had bought an expensive automobile at the same time that he drew $6,000 to pay for the expenses of the Governors' Conference; what had happened to some of the old State Mansion furniture which should have been moved to the new $150,000 home Long had had erected; and why the Mansion silver spoons had been marked with his monogram.

Individuals and delegations related harrowing tales of the rude receptions accorded them by their Bad Boy Executive. A group of citizens who had called on the Governor to ask a favor for their community told that Long had boasted of having bought and sold their Representative "like a sack of potatoes." Another delegation testified that the Governor in their presence had extracted a cigar from a box on his desk and after remarking, "This is a pretty good six-cent smoke," had slammed the box shut. A clerical friend of the deposed State Normal president complained that when he visited Governor Long to discuss Mr. Roy's case, the Executive said, "Oh, let's talk about the chorus girls, instead." Before the House of Representatives had finished their hearings, the entire proceeding was stopped by the appearance of a round robin signed by three-fourths of the Senators declaring they would not vote to impeach the Governor under any circumstances as they deemed the procedure illegal. Huey climaxed his triumph by vetoing the bill appropriating money for the expenses of the trial.



International

Getting into trim for Washington

It can at least be said for Governor Long that he has startled a once apathetic electorate into political awareness. Graft there had been in the state administration from time immemorial, but it was a gentlemanly sort of graft and practiced on a scale that seems almost petty by comparison with

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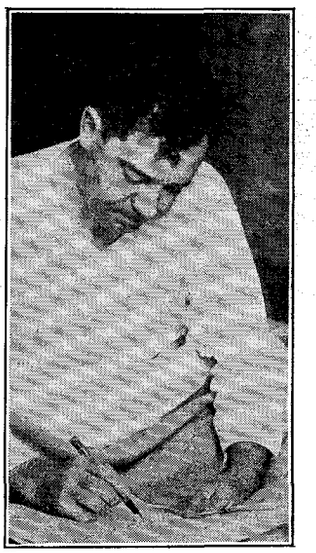
the tales told of Long's lordly way of doing things for his followers. Furthermore, Huey's personal idiosyncrasies attract attention to his official antics. These idiosyncrasies are inherent, not, as some suppose, assumed for publicity purposes. When the Governor receives foreign emissaries in his pajamas, he acts according to his own desire. Incidentally, it was not so much his attire as the vehement language in which Huey addressed the hotel chambermaid that shocked the dignitaries on that memorable occasion. Almost any one who has had an audience with the Governor can testify to the informality of his dress and the virility of his speech. Some have been charmed by this sublime disregard of conventions and have come away with the impression that the executive is a likeable cuss with a heart of gold. Others find the same traits inconvenient and discomfiting.



Keystone

SIGNING IN BED

In the middle of the night King Huey signs the bill cutting King Cotton

Long's warfare with individual officials constitute some of the gayest chapters in state history. The feud between himself and Lieutenant Governor Cyr has literally kept Huey a prisoner in his own kingdom. Under the Louisiana constitution, if the executive goes outside the state, the Lieutenant-Governor is Governor during his absence. It is a situation with terrifying possibilities for Long. With a few strokes of the pen, Mr. Cyr might change the entire administration. For this reason, Washington will be deprived of Long's presence until 1932, when his term as Governor expires. Sometimes Long slips out of the state and back without attracting notice.

"Oh, boy!" he roars when he returns. "Paul Cyr was Governor and didn't know it! Boy, wait 'til he finds that out!"

Attorney General Saint and the Governor were enemies before the election had begun, and Huey has practically rendered that official helpless by the simple process of ignoring him. When Saint gave out an opinion to the effect that one of the Governor's contemplated deeds was contrary to law, Long publicly announced that he hadn't read any of Mr. Saint's opinions for three years and didn't intend ever to read them. The Attorney General's opinions, he intimated, were pretty funny.

Between Francis Williams, Public Service Commissioner, and the Governor exists a hatred which has had more serious results. Half the funds for the operating expenses of the commission are provided for by revenue from taxes which, however, cannot be allocated to the commission without the approval of the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney General and the Chairman of the Public Service Commission. With Long and his Secretary of State refusing to sign an order for the transfer of the funds, the Commission has been left with 200 cases pending and an investigation of gas and electric light charges throughout the state.

It is difficult to ascertain the real reason for Long's obstinacy on this point. One story is that the appropriation carries greatly increased salaries for the commissioners, which the Governor is loath to grant. Another is that Long's good friend, Harvey Couch, President of the Louisiana Light and Power Company and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railroad, would prefer not to have the Commission function. Mr. Couch's railroad hauls a large percentage of rock and gravel used in road construction, and the railroads' demand for a higher freight rate than that set by the Public Service Commission was agreed to by the Highway Commission. Commissioner Williams claims that his Commission is unable to do anything about the rates without a public hearing, and the expenses of such a hearing cannot be met.

In Louisiana, as in most southern states, the negroes are kept from the polls by a registration requirement that they interpret a highly difficult clause of the state constitution. People of New Orleans recently were aroused by the discovery that their registrar, admittedly acting under the direction of Long, was using this "grandfather clause" on the very best families of the Creole city. This would be merely entertaining were it not that only the best families whose names are on the so-called "skunk list" of Long antagonists have suffered disfranchisement. Soon after this discovery there came a complaint from one John Scholl, citizen of New Orleans, that his name had been forged on the registration book. The Grand Jury ordered the books brought into court, but the registrar answered that such a procedure would unduly delay his work. The District Attorney then sent one of his assistants to inspect the books in question, whereupon somebody in the registration office inadvertently overturned a bottle of ink on the very page bearing Mr. Scholl's name. The charges of forgery have never been proved.

For a long time before and after Huey's elections the daily press clamored with charges of corruption against the Governor. One of the articles of impeachment voted by the House of Representatives was that Long had tried to blackmail Charles Manship, publisher and editor of the Baton Rouge *State-Times*, by threatening to publish the fact that Manship's brother was in the state insane asylum. The infuriated editor published the story of Long's threat on the front page of his paper and explained that his brother had become mentally ill because of shell-shock suffered during the war, while Mr. Long was safe in Louisiana. Soon afterwards, Long announced over the radio: "Charley Manship is fighting me, while I am taking care of his brother in the insane asylum." He added that the publisher himself was crazy, even if he weren't in a straitjacket.

A reporter from the New Orleans *Item* who demonstrated his resentment of Huey's language by punching his Excellency in the jaw was rushed to the wall by Long's guards and held there

(Continued on Page 254)

International

THE DUNKER

As a champion of dunking, King Huey dips his corn pone in the pot likker

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▸▸ Poverty in Park Avenue ◂◂

By NANCY HILL

ECONOMY is now the spice of life even in Park Avenue, and maybe that's part of what's wrong with the world. Where once it was only mentioned harshly in the bosom of the family, it is now bragged about in the company of strangers. After lunch a man sticks out his chest instead of his stomach and thinks of how much he saved by not ordering the unnecessary planked steak. He will go home to his wife fairly empty and ready to complain if the dinner doesn't suit his appetite. Wife, in turn, has eaten something indigestible in a tea shoppe and decided that one lamb chop apiece is all that is required for the evening meal. She has probably just finished going over the grocer's slip with the aid of the cook, who has insisted on five pounds of butter every other day and will take nothing less.

Many women in Park Avenue have just waked up to the fact that the cook exists. Before the lean years rolled in the cook was interviewed through the housekeeper or butler, and then only to criticise or suggest, never to discover what she actually did with the eighteen dozen eggs that came on Friday and were gone on Monday.

Then there is the footman—he was the first to go when economy became the rage in Park Avenue. One family went into conference over the footman situation and decided that they had better dispense with his services and pay his wages towards the overdue grocer's bill. Other families who also had food bills piling up could not bring themselves to the outward poverty of no footman, so they kept him and let the grocer's bill go hang. However, either solution is an economy if looked at from a personal angle.

A well-known banker confessed recently that he was "club poor." He figured that his dues to eight or ten expensive country and city clubs came to a sum that was all out of proportion to his depleted income, and he set about weighing their prospective merits, meaning to resign from three or four that he didn't use often. Unfortunately, he struck a snag. The first club on his list to get the red pencil was a racing membership and one that he seldom used. His wife stepped in right here and refused to allow that one to go, because she got herself photographed there at least twice a year and certainly one must keep oneself in the public eye! She in turn suggested, perhaps not without malice, that he relinquish the select little drinking club and come home earlier for dinner. He felt very strongly on that subject and objected heatedly. The whole thing ended by his giving up none of the memberships and simply hoping that by next year times would enable him to resume monetary nonchalance.

Park Avenue now trudges or taxies over to Third Avenue to buy cheaper food. It's not only smart but necessary, they think, to be thrifty

A very rich man who summers at one of the most fashionable resorts dismissed his entire staff of servants and then took them all back, and they came at reduced wages. He said he did it "to set an example to others." This particular man would have done his work far better if he had engaged more servants even if he insisted upon cutting the others slightly. If one has a large income it won't help anybody to put it in the bank instead of putting it to work.

An opposite situation is revealed in the case of the man who could no longer afford to keep his country place open. He could not pay his two gardeners nor could he afford the chauffeur any longer. He decided there was nothing to do but dismiss the three of them. The upshot was that the two gardeners insisted on remaining in their cottage just for a living from the soil. Not only did they work for nothing as hard as if they were receiving their regular wages, but built the owner a greenhouse in the bargain, which he could not afford to heat. The chauffeur flatly refused to leave and began making plans for turning the one remaining automobile, a high-powered town car, into a taxicab. He intended doing his bit. This idea dissolved into nothingness when they discovered that the price of running the car was so high that any lawful fare charged would be a very small source of revenue, a mere drop in the bucket.

"We can't order Henderson in the early morning nowadays," complained the wife of a man who had cut his chauffeur's wages in half, "because he's working for practically nothing and he likes to sleep most of the day. And he simply goes home if we keep him out after midnight. He's wearing a dreadful looking slouchy cap with no wire in it, and a horrible old sack suit, because he says it's cooler in summer—but I suppose I can't complain about these things nowadays, either. We're lucky to have him stay at all."

Park Avenue still dines at expensive restaurants and hotels but not so frequently. It is an event now while formerly it was practically an every evening occurrence. The careless times of a hardly noticeable glance at the check have gone. Now there is a distinct and potent pause when the check is brought and not only the host but the guests join in adding the items, verifying them and generously seeing that justice rules the waiters. Once recently I was present when nine uneaten and undrunk dollars were removed from the bill at the indignant protests of host and guests. In the days of prosperity it is doubtful if any one would have noticed the discrepancy.

ONE young ex-wife collected a hundred and fifty dollars back alimony and promptly got into a bridge game, losing the entire sum in one afternoon. Conscience-stricken over being foolish enough to play penny bridge in depression times, she punished herself by riding on the subway and elevated for a month to atone for her folly. She even ordered unsliced bacon from the grocer because it was nine cents a pound cheaper.

A man, extremely wealthy and quite socially prominent, one who is constantly in the public eye, whose summer place is one of the show places of the exclusive colony where he resides, made the magnificent gesture of draining his swimming pool. He didn't want to appear too affluent with the rest of the world gasping for vital necessities. Now his family and his guests must hie themselves off to the beach or to some one else's swimming pool, until this poor multi-millionaire feels prosperous enough to aid the local water plant again.

A girl who is blessed with plenty of this world's goods says that she always pours eye lotion which she has used back

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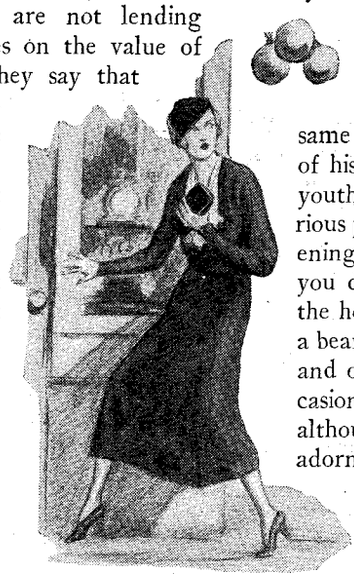
into the bottle. "Why not?" she asks. "The eye cups are clean, there's nothing really wrong with my eyes and I don't see any reason for throwing away all of that perfectly good lotion. It lasts me forever this way—I hardly ever have to buy it."

The pawnshops have come in for their share of big game as Big Business has been trying to go on the rocks. Before the crash, pawnbrokers' clientele consisted mainly of the little fellows trying to keep one jump ahead of the sheriff, but they are now drawing customers from among the rich and socially élite. In order to attract as little attention as possible to the exclusive trade, some of the money lenders have side entrances where a man with his wife's fourteen-thousand-dollar bracelet, or even the lady herself, may slip in with a furtive glance, hoping to be safely under cover from prying eyes. They run the chance, once in the inner sanctum, of suddenly finding themselves face to face with acquaintances or best friends. As this does happen and not infrequently, some of the Park Avenue paupers trying to realize quick, ready cash prefer braving the main entrance rather than risking the chance of an embarrassing encounter with a bridge partner or any companion of the evening before. Others may have a jolly time meeting friends in the private back room, discussing monetary depletion and having an unexpected social few minutes.

The pawnbrokers are not lending very good percentages on the value of things any more. They say that even if one does expect to redeem the article they must go on the theory that they will be compelled to offer it for sale some day, and that they therefore cannot lend more on it than they expect to receive. One person was allowed only $200 on a piece of jewelry that was insured for $3,500. Another borrowed the same amount on an $1800 ring. Why the same amount was given on articles with such a difference in value can probably be explained by the idea that the money lender felt that the first piece would be harder for him to dispose of than the ring. It is sometimes hard for a layman to guess how a pawnbroker's mind works.



The pawnshops have side entrances where a man with his wife's bracelet, or even the lady herself, may slip in with a furtive glance, hoping to be safely under cover from prying eyes

Going back to pet economies of the rich, some of them are really laughable. There are two wealthy women who come to mind, with houses both in town and in the country, whose incomes have not been cut appreciably. If anything happens that either of these dowagers' chauffeur is not available, they ride the trolley cars. They wouldn't spend money on a taxi and help swell some poor cab driver's income by thirty or forty cents for anything on earth. One of them, with six brand new cars in the garage, decided to cut down expenses by using paper napkins all summer. Her family was boiling, but they had to boil away, because not a single linen doily appeared regardless of what they thought or said.

Another woman on whom the gods of finance have smiled, invites her married daughter out for lunch often. The daughter is not in such rosy circumstances but each time they lunch together the mother allows her offspring to pay half of the check.

None of them is as bad, however, as the man who has never done a day's work in his life, a sizable fortune having been left him by his father. This man actually walks along the side of the street, instead of on the sidewalk, because he says that asphalt is easier on shoe leather than concrete. This same man threatened to punish one of his young sons one day and the youth, knowing his father's penurious proclivities, replied in a threatening tone of voice, "Yes, and if you do I'll turn on every light in the house." Worst of all, he wears a beard to save buying shaving soap and only on a few momentous occasions has been known to shave, although he immediately lets the adornment grow again.

Just where all of this economizing will end and how far spread it will go is difficult to judge. It may reach the point where the favored few who still keep up their places in the country and run week-end guest houses, will paste a set of rules on the wall to be read as the guest starts down for dinner of a Friday evening. They will run sort of in hotel form, like this:

Hostess posts rules for guests to turn off lights and limiting towels

Guests are requested to turn off all lights before leaving room. Failure to do so forfeits your privileges as a guest and you will be expected to catch the next train back to town.

Guests will please use only one hand towel and one bath towel during the week-end. If you forgot to bring your own cold cream tissue, wash your face with soap and water. It will probably be a pleasant surprise to your face.

Don't make passes at the maids. It distracts their minds from their work, and God knows they have enough of it since we've had to cut down.

I don't suppose you have any jewels left, but in case you have, hang on to them.

Things like that, you know. Just nice chatty little rules designed to make the guests feel that homey atmosphere, so that they won't think you're high-hat and snobbish even though you have a country place left.

It would be somewhat remiss not to speak a word about where prohibition figures in the economy scheme, but as far as I can make out it really doesn't figure in it much. People still patronize their favorite bootleggers as well as their pet speakeasies. Cocktails and highballs greet visitors on every hand. People dine more and more in "whisper lows" and more "speaks" are opening all of the time. Frankly, those who dined formerly several times a week at expensive roofs are now found poring over the menus in those little hideaways that abound in the forties and fifties. The food is reasonable and is good, and even with the addition of drinks the check doesn't amount to as much as a meal in hotels bursting with exclusiveness. The hotel people are complaining about it, but what can they do? It is more economical to be without the law than within it. And aren't we all trying to save? It's not smart to spend lavishly any more, but has come to be a vulgar gesture.

Of course, there are always the people with an overdeveloped sense of economy, smacking of the ridiculous. Any number of Park Avenue matrons now hie themselves into a taxi and thence to the Third Avenue markets for the household food. It never occurs to them that the taxi fare countermands the few pennies shaved from a pound of beans. Even sillier is the woman who travels a block farther east to Second Avenue with two men on the box. Her reason for so doing is, "to set an example to others, as well as the servants."

(Continued on Page 254)

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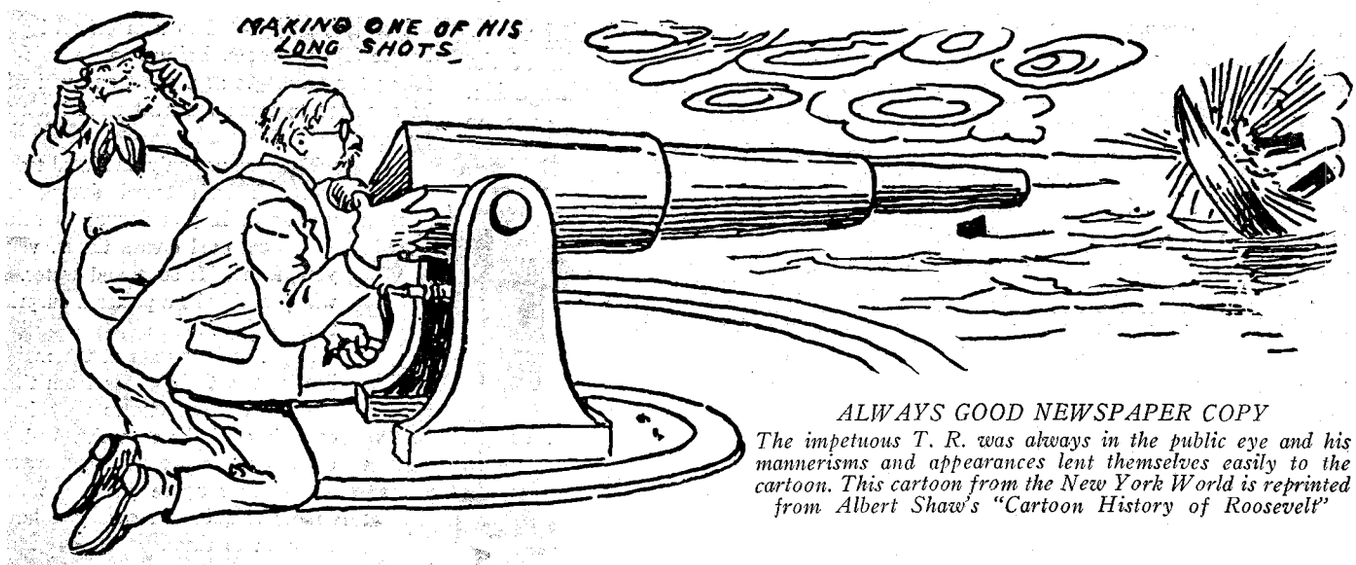

ALWAYS GOOD NEWSPAPER COPY
The impetuous T. R. was always in the public eye and his mannerisms and appearances lent themselves easily to the cartoon. This cartoon from the New York World is reprinted from Albert Shaw's "Cartoon History of Roosevelt"

Roosevelt: A Biography

VI—Lord of the Navy

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

President-elect McKinley finally appointed Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in spite of his fears that the impetuous youngster might upset the department. Roosevelt was hard to handle, as revealed in this installment, but his constant pushing of war plans at least went a long way toward clinching Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. The next installment tells of Roosevelt's "fight" to get his Rough Riders to Cuba and of the much-debated battles there which added so much to his political prestige

"THE truth is, Will," complained President-elect McKinley to William Howard Taft after election day in 1896, "Roosevelt is always in such a state of mind."

The appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was one of the many perplexities which faced Mr. McKinley. The head of the New York Police Board was clearly entitled to reward for his valiant services against Bryan, but was it wise to assign him to the Navy Department? The young New Yorker was "in such a state of mind" about so many things. There had been continuous rows in the Police Board. McKinley was a man of peace and Roosevelt was admittedly a jingo.

"If I can only go out of office . . . . with the knowledge that I have done what lay in my power to avert this terrible calamity . . . . I shall be the happiest man in the world," McKinley remarked to Cleveland on the night before his inauguration, regarding the Spanish War.

Roosevelt was the avowed opponent of peace, but the pressure calling for his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was great. Cabot Lodge had gone to Canton, where the President-elect discussed policies, and expressed the friendliest feeling for his friend, Roosevelt.

"I hope he has no preconceived plans which he would wish to drive through the moment he got in," McKinley said. And Lodge, perhaps with a cough, assured him there was no need for concern on this score. Lodge might have been denied, but there were other appeals. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, an important Hanna lieutenant, dropped in to say that the Bellamy Storers of Cincinnati, who had contributed $10,000 to the fund which had satisfied McKinley's creditors some years before, also desired Roosevelt's appointment. John Hay, Taft and Hanna himself agreed that he deserved the post.

Maria Longworth Storer, whose nephew would one day be married to Princess Alice of the White House, had met the Roosevelts during the civil service period. In 1896 the two families were on terms of intimacy. He would be grateful, ". . . . if you would care to say anything for me, old fellow," Roosevelt wrote to Bellamy Storer on November 19, 1896. "I should rather have you speak . . . . than any one in the United States. . . ." On December 5 he told Mrs. Storer that he was disinclined to go to Canton to plead his own ambitions before McKinley:

> He saw me when I went there during the campaign, and if he thinks I am hot-headed and harum-scarum I don't think he will change his mind now. . . . Moreover, I don't wish to appear as a supplicant.

These details became public years later, due to Roosevelt's dismissal of Storer as Ambassador to Italy. It should be remembered that Mrs. Storer was bitterly resentful when she published her recollections of events in 1896. She portrayed the Roosevelt of that year as an absurd adolescent "who used to go on the war path over Sienkiewicz's *The Deluge* and *With Fire and Sword*—and when he was quite sated with slaughter his face would be radiant and he would almost shout with delight." Despite this, Mrs. Storer considered her friend well qualified for the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy; he was "as innocent as Toddy in *Helen's Babies* who wanted everything to be 'bluggy'. . . ." Accordingly, she also intervened with McKinley.

The indictment which brands Roosevelt a jingo and an imperialist is supported by ample evidence. In 1886, elated by headlines predicting trouble with Mexico, he had offered to organize his Medora ranch hands into a cavalry battalion. He felt that there was "some good stuff among these harum-scarum riders." That same year, at a Fourth of July celebration in the West, he said that he hoped "to see the day when not a foot of American soil will be held by any European power." In 1892 he watched with eager interest the friction with Chile and approved the American demands that an indemnity be paid for injuries to sailors in Valparaiso.

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"Do you remember," asked Mrs. Roosevelt of Spring-Rice, "how we used to call Theodore the Chilean Volunteer and tease him about his dream of leading a cavalry charge?"

By October, 1894, Roosevelt was demanding the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands and the construction of an oceanic canal through Nicaragua. He told the National Republican Club on May 28, 1895, that he favored the establishment of "a navy that will sustain the honor of the American flag . . . . I want to see the Monroe Doctrine upheld in its entirety . . . . I believe in these policies with all my heart and soul."

Roosevelt reached his point of highest excitement later that year when Great Britain declined to concede the rights of the United States in the Venezuela boundary dispute. The emphatic position taken by President Cleveland won his enthusiastic praise. He told a reporter that England never permitted "a consideration of abstract right or morality [to] interfere with the chance for her national aggrandizement or mercantile gain." As for war, let it come:

> American cities may possibly be bombarded, but no ransom will be paid for them. It is infinitely better to see the cities laid level than to see a dollar paid to any foe to buy their safety. Moreover, a great many of our friends . . . . seem to forget we will settle the Venezuela question . . . . in Canada. . . . *Canada would surely be conquered, and once wrested from England it would never be restored.* . . .

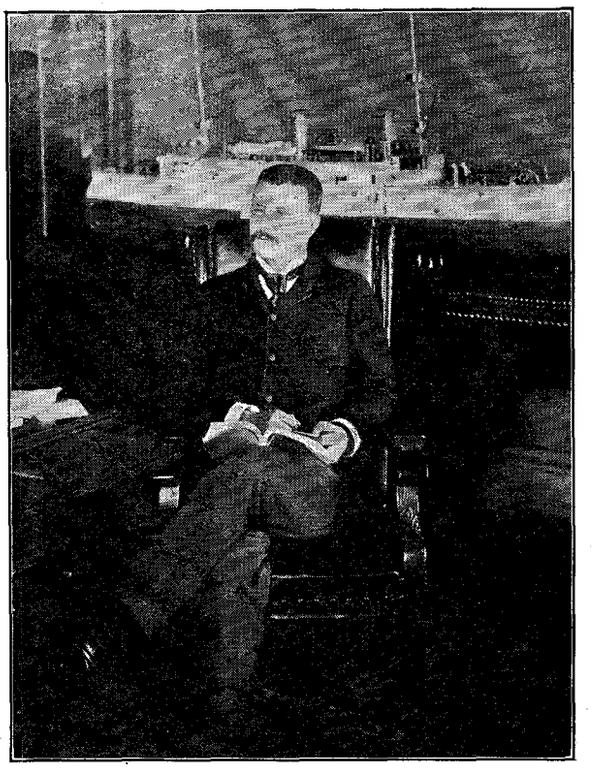
Similarly wild utterances could be quoted indefinitely. ". . . . This country needs a war," he informed Lodge on December 27, 1895, but added that "the bankers, brokers and anglomaniacs generally" seemed to favor "peace at any price." These Rooseveltian furies aroused President Eliot of Harvard to ask whether anything could be more offensive "than this doctrine of Jingoism, this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude . . . . of a ruffian and a bully." Both Lodge and Roosevelt, he said, were "degenerated sons of Harvard." Roosevelt heard of the characterization. He told Lodge that such men as Eliot and Carl Schurz, together with "the futile sentimentalists of the international arbitration type," would bring about "a flabby, timid type of character, which eats away the great fighting qualities of our race."

ROOSEVELT PUSHED HIM
As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, T. R. urged Commodore Dewey to try to get the command of the Asiatic Squadron, and then helped him win at Manila Bay

McKinley's hesitation in appointing Roosevelt is not surprising. Mark Hanna, his most valued advisor, was frank in his contempt for those who desired war with Spain. Both the President and Hanna, however, seem to have been persuaded by Roosevelt's promises that he would suppress his jingo tendencies. "I should have been entirely loyal and subordinate," he wrote Lodge in March, 1897, when it seemed probable that he was not to be selected. A few days later, hope having revived, he asked his friend to explain to John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, that no peril lurked in having him as assistant:

> I want him to understand that . . . . I shall stay at Washington, hot weather or any other weather, whenever he wants me to stay there, and go wherever he sends me, and my aim should be solely to make his administration a success.

Another obstacle, however, was standing between Roosevelt and his ambition. Tom Platt of New York saw no reason to reward him with public office. The antagonism between Roosevelt and Platt, periodically suppressed for political reasons, had been increased by Roosevelt's unbending attitude as head of the Police Board. The New York Republican leader knew that so much righteousness was certain to return Tammany Hall to power. On his part, Roosevelt was bitter because he knew that Platt's henchmen hoped to legislate him out of office. McKinley had told Herrick that the New York boss "hates Roosevelt like poison." How could the appointment be made? Cabot Lodge, who was at least Roosevelt's equal in political practicality, had no scruples against going to Platt, telling him that Roosevelt wanted the appointment, and asking for his reaction. Platt's answer was evasive. He had nothing but the friendliest personal feelings toward Roosevelt, he said. He would be glad to consider it.



THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY

In February, 1896, Roosevelt had complained of the "absolutely cynical disregard of decency" which Platt had exhibited. He was quite "as bad a man as Hill . . . . or Croker." But Roosevelt had been willing in 1888 to use Blaine, and he was now just as ready to bow to Platt. Rumors were soon current that he would be neutral in a contest for the United States Senate between Platt and Joseph H. Choate. Choate had been among Roosevelt's supporters since the very beginning of his career. On the night of December 16, 1896, however, Roosevelt attended a "harmony" dinner at which it was agreed that Platt could have the New York Senatorship. Two weeks later the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst referred, without mentioning Roosevelt, to "those who consent, spaniel-like, to lick the hand of their master." It was plain that Roosevelt, in return for Platt's influence, had withdrawn his opposition. ". . . . I refused to speak at the Choate meeting," he reported to Lodge.

Platt appears to have been singularly dull. It did not dawn on him until the end of March, 1897, that Roosevelt in the Navy Department would be far less annoying than Roosevelt in New York. At last he agreed to the appointment and

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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McKinley sent Roosevelt's name to the Senate on April 5. It was confirmed three days later. That night Roosevelt arrived in Washington and called upon Platt at the Arlington Hotel. On the morning of April 9, the New York *Sun* published a dispatch which greatly distressed Jacob Riis and the other loyal friends who had stoutly insisted that Roosevelt, their hero, never compromised. The new Assistant Secretary of the Navy had left a card at the Arlington and a note expressing gratitude to Platt. The *Sun* said:

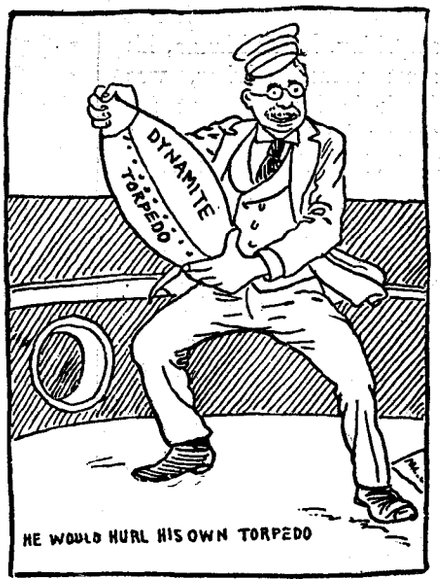
. . . . Senator Platt stood in the way until at the request of mutual friends he withdrew his opposition, and that is why Mr. Roosevelt called at the Arlington Hotel. . . .

Roosevelt subsequently repaid the debt by writing "a very strong letter" to the Board of Governors of the Metropolitan Club in Washington. He had been "much annoyed over the alleged opposition to Senator Platt's election to the . . . . club."

It was pleasant to be back in Washington, although Henry Adams was mourning the dissolution of the group of intimates which had meant so much between 1889 and 1895. On this, "McKinley laid his hand heavily." John Hay had gone to London as Ambassador. Spring-Rice was in Persia. Only the Lodges and the Roosevelts remained, "but even they were at once absorbed in the interests of power." John Hay, from the steamer, was as charming as ever: "Decidedly," he wrote, "Washington cannot do without you. We have given the thing a fair trial and it does not go." Roosevelt plunged at once into the absorption of work, but he missed the friends who had made life delightful during the comparatively dull civil service years. He demanded of Spring-Rice why he had not written. Had he disapproved of his friend's "supposititious jingoism"? Was he " 'mad' about the arbitration treaty"?

. . . . Oh, Springie, Springie! I fear you are forgetting your barbarian friends on this side of the water. . . . As you see, I am now Assistant Secretary of the Navy. . . . My chief, Secretary Long, is a perfect dear.

The "perfect dear" gazed upon his young assistant with misgivings softened by affectionate admiration. Mr. Long was a splendid old gentleman, who had been Governor of Massachusetts, whose white hair and moustaches added to his distinguished appearance. He was about sixty years old as Roosevelt took office. The two men respected each other, but their temperaments conflicted. Long was inclined to be conservative and cautious. Roosevelt's "ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the department approved," the Secretary of the Navy remembered. It was only human for him to feel irritated when Roosevelt became the more prominent figure. He may really have replied, as the gossips reported, "Why 'Assistant'?" when some one asked him about his new Assistant Secretary.



The World's conception of T. R. as Assistant Secretary of the Navy

Roosevelt might have lived up to his pledges of good conduct, made in all sincerity, had he served in less exciting times. For him to submerge his truculent ideas was, under the circumstances, quite beyond his power. He seemed to personify all of the forces which demanded a show of arms on the part of the United States. The Venezuela affair had offered alluring prospects of a brush with Great Britain, but they had not been fulfilled. Germany was hostile, although no overt act had yet occurred. France disliked the United States. It was time, said the jingoes, for the greatest nation on the face of the earth to demonstrate that she was entitled to respect, if not homage. The navy must be enlarged. The chance of a war with Spain over Cuba must not be forfeited through interference by timid pacifists. Such was the stream of thought which swept on toward war in 1897. McKinley, who hoped for peace, had brought to Washington a young man who, within the decade, had been favorably inclined toward war with Mexico, Chile, Great Britain, Spain and all European powers so arrogant as to hold colonies in the western half of the world.

In addition, Roosevelt desired expansion in the Pacific. A canal across the isthmus at Nicaragua or Panama would certainly be built some day and Cleveland, he felt, had erred sadly in declining to annex Hawaii. Now, in 1897, the Japanese were looking at the Hawaiian Islands with covetous eyes. On April 22, while Acting Secretary of the Navy in the absence of Long, Roosevelt assured President McKinley that the U. S. S. *Philadelphia* was already at Hawaii and that other war vessels could steam there swiftly. Japan, he reported, had sent a cruiser to Honolulu. Ten days later he wrote Captain A. T. Mahan, the naval authority whose views influenced him profoundly:

. . . . If I had my way, we would annex those islands tomorrow. If that is impossible, I would establish a protectorate. . . . I have been getting matters in shape on the Pacific Coast just as fast as I have been allowed. My own belief is that we should act instantly before the two new Japanese warships leave England. I would . . . . *hoist our flag over the island, leaving all details for after action.* . . . . I believe we should build the Nicaraguan Canal at once, and . . . . should build a dozen new battleships, half of them on the Pacific Coast. . . . I am fully alive to the danger from Japan.

"Roosevelt came down here," remembered Representative Thomas S. Butler of Pennsylvania, a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee in 1897, "looking for war. He did not care whom we fought as long as there was a scrap."

The new Assistant Secretary, seething underneath, controlled his public utterances until June 2, 1897, when he addressed the Naval War College at Newport. Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Storer and the others who had guaranteed Roosevelt's docility, must have suffered twinges of conscience as they read the speech. He had cast to the winds any promise that he would be subordinate. It was an excellent address, and it must have delighted the naval officers who dreamed, as they listened, of battle and glory and advancement in rank. No danger existed, said Roosevelt, "of an over-development of warlike spirit . . . . the danger is of precisely the opposite character." A wealthy nation, "slothful, timid or unwieldy, is an easy prey for any people which still retains the most valuable of all qualities, the soldierly virtues."

In Roosevelt's mind, it became clear as the speech progressed, the burden of proof rested upon peace. Most wars were justified. It was true, he admitted, that "no nation can be really great unless it is great in peace; in industry, integrity, honesty." However:

. . . . No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war. The courage of the soldier, the courage of the

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statesman who has to meet storms which can be quelled only by soldierly virtues—this stands higher than any quality called out merely in time of peace. . . . It may be that some time in the dim future of the race the need for war will vanish; but that time is yet ages distant. . . . Diplomacy is utterly useless where there is no force behind it; *the diplomat is the servant, not the master of the soldier.* . . .

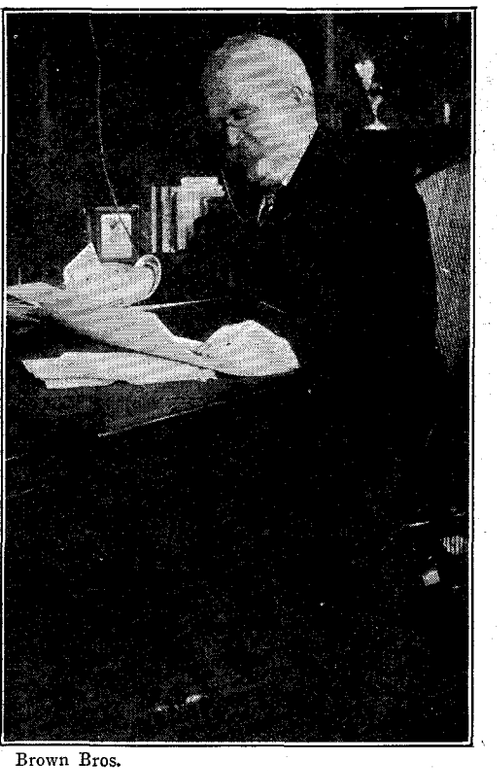
The rest of the address constituted a plea for a strong navy, "not merely for defense," and included a veiled reference to Cuba. " . . . . if we mean to protect the people of the lands who look to us for protection from tyranny and aggression," he said, an adequate navy was essential. Otherwise, the United States might as well "abandon all talk of devotion to the Monroe Doctrine or to the honor of the American name."

As the summer wore on, the country drifted closer to war with Spain, and Secretary Long, a little apprehensive, left Washington for a rest and permitted his assistant to command the Navy Department. Further reassurances from Roosevelt probably convinced Governor Long that a disquieting dispatch in the New York *Sun* was exaggerated. This said that the Assistant Secretary had "the whole Navy bordering on a war footing. It remains only to sand down the decks and pipe to quarters for action."

The President, not taking the Assistant Secretary too seriously, had "generally expressed great satisfaction with what I have done." Of course, confided Roosevelt to Lodge, "[he] is a bit of a jollier. . . ."

The war so greatly desired by Roosevelt finally came as the result of various causes. With several of them, he could have had little patience. American trade with Cuba, for instance, had reached nearly $100,000,000 by 1894 and it dropped to almost nothing because of the turmoil. It was not entirely true, as Roosevelt had declared, that the financial interests of the nation shrank from war. In all probability, however, it never would have come had not Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst been anxious to increase the circulations of their newspapers. In six months a contest with Spain seemed probable.

In the interim "Butcher" Weyler, as the *Journal* had effectively christened him, had been withdrawn and Spain, during the autumn of 1897, was making every effort to conciliate the United States. The jingo factions might have been disappointed, despite Hearst and Pulitzer, had not the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Don Dupuy de Lôme, addressed a letter in January, 1898, to a friend living in Havana. The Ambassador carelessly left this on his desk in the Spanish Embassy, expecting to add a postscript in the morning. A traitorous clerk in league with the revolutionists notified their propaganda headquarters in New York and the letter was intercepted by another spy in the Havana postoffice. When de Lôme heard from his friend that the letter had not been received, he waited for the blow to fall. It had referred to McKinley as "weak and catering to the rabble . . . . a low politician . . . . who desires to stand well with the jingoes of his party." On February 9, 1898, the *Journal* published the letter and Richard Olney wrote to Cleveland that "poor Dupuy must realize how much worse a blunder can be than a crime."



Brown Bros.

JOHN D. LONG
Secretary of the Navy under McKinley

The letter was not only insulting. It was stupid. McKinley was ardently hopeful for peace. But Hearst called it "the worst insult to the United States in its history" and de Lôme's prompt recall in disgrace did little to quiet the resulting indignation. On February 15, 1898, the U.S.S. *Maine* was sunk in Havana harbor.

It is not easy to draw a line between Roosevelt's anxiety to build up the navy, which was legitimate preparedness, and his lust for war. His letters of 1897 and early 1898 indicate confusion in his own mind. He convinced himself, indeed, that a war with Spain was merely part of the preparedness program itself, a triviality to be taken lightly. On August 3, 1897, in remarking that it would be well to take "firm action on behalf of the wretched Cubans," he added: "It would be a splendid thing for the navy, too." In September he was pleading with Secretary Long that "we will have our hands full, and the greatest panic would ensue" if "we wait to receive the attack." But "if we move with our main force on Cuba . . . . and [dispatch] . . . . a flying squadron . . . . against Spain itself," the affair would "not present a very great difficulty." This was prior to the de Lôme indiscretion of February, 1898, and, of course, before the sinking of the *Maine*.

On November 18, 1897, in the most outspoken of his private letters, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy repeated his desire to have the Asiatic Squadron steam for the Philippines as soon as war had been declared. He would have a fleet ready at Key West for action off Cuba. In this communication, to use his own descriptive phrase, he had summed up the situation

(Continued on Page 254)

HORNPIPE BY TEDDY R.
Our Versatile Teddy R. at Sea, cartoon by Thomas Worth
Upper left—*"Well, Cop, this beats a scrap board meeting with the Police Commission."* Upper right—*"There's a Spanish cruiser. Let's drop a shot on board of him just for Cuba."* Lower left—*Teddy up to his old tricks—Teddy (overboard), "I only wanted to see how fine these fellows had got 'this man overboard business.'"* Lower right—*Teddy—"Say, 'Ad,' just been the rounds on the sly—couldn't ketch a tar 'off post' looking for a drink or snoozing—gee, but they're warm."*

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The Spotlight on Sports

Army Plays Navy for Charity

CHARITY, like a Damoclean sword, hangs over college football. Emergency relief commissions, casting about for ways and means to compel "contributions," have spotted those crowded coliseums as a likely source of revenue. Even in hard times people will plunk down four dollars to see a football game between major rivals. Charity intends to take its cut of these athletic receipts even though the benefactors be reluctant or actually hostile.

Owen D. Young, chairman of national relief organizations, has written letters to all the college presidents asking their coöperation in staging charity games. The response has been lukewarm. At this writing, Army-Navy, Holy Cross-Boston College and Notre Dame-Northwestern contests have been dedicated to the needy jobless.

Because men are out of work and families are hungry, Army and Navy have been hurled into each other's arms willy-nilly. They met last year in a benefit game; they are to play this coming December 12; and they will probably hook up again next fall. Here is irony!

It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good. In this case, cadets and midshipmen have the Service classic, which they crave, thrust upon them under the guise of charity, at the same time the officials responsible for the ridiculous break in relations save their faces. Nobody has to back water. Navy sticks to its unnecessary three-year rule but cannot jam it down Army throats. West Point abdicates none of its cherished rights. A cadet uniform continues to guarantee a West Point football player's eligibility. He needs no other credentials. Army may play "transfers" if it chooses, secure in the belief that tramp athletes cannot get appointments to the Academy and wouldn't undergo the rigors of cadet routine if they could.

The Big Three Refuse

WHILE Army and Navy have been coerced into this philanthropic venture, the ultra-conservative Big Three remains adamant in the face of public sentiment and official pressure for charity games. Those who control Harvard, Yale and Princeton athletics are convinced that college teams should not be exploited even in so worthy a cause as the relief of destitute families. They fear to establish a precedent which would lay them open to subsequent demands of an allied nature. They dread the opening wedge.

Bill Bingham and Jack Cates, athletic directors at Harvard and Yale, insist that they are doing more than their share to relieve unemployment by sponsoring ambitious building programs. Jobs, they argue, are more desirable than a dole. Thousands of laborers are now engaged in creating new athletic facilities at Cambridge and New Haven.

Dr. Lawrence Lowell, the blue-blooded stand-patter who presides over Harvard, vetoes a proposal to shift the Army-Harvard game from West Point's tiny arena to Yankee Stadium in New York. So long as Lowell is president of Harvard University no Crimson team will appear in a professional ball park. He is wedded to the belief that intercollegiate athletics should have a collegiate setting. It has been suggested that half the receipts of a Harvard-Army game played in New York City be donated to the unemployed, but Lowell's veto spiked this project. Harvard has offered its own stadium free of charge for a Boston College-Holy Cross match.

Meanwhile, the *Yale Daily News*, supposedly representing student opinion, is agitating for a post-season charity game with Notre Dame. "We choose Notre Dame because the Irish are the biggest of all drawing cards," says the *News* editorial, "and in a benefit match gate receipts are the prime objective." The Yale players, who must make the real sacrifice, have voted their willingness to take a December bruising on a frost-bound gridiron in order that the hungry may eat.

One would naturally suppose that if students and players were anxious to help meet a national crisis, official sanction would be a mere formality, but this does not follow. I shall be pleasantly surprised if Yale's football authorities permit this spontaneous and magnanimous gesture by the undergraduates.

Mighty Atoms

SHOULD an undersized boy be given "preferred treatment" on the gridiron just because he is little? That question always arises when Albie Booth, Yale's mighty atom, takes the field. The logical answer, of course, is no. Football takes no cognizance of size. If a boy is so small that he is apt to be badly hurt in a collision he doesn't belong in a game founded on savage body contact. It isn't fair to the opposition to start a midget who has a penchant for climax runs and then, in effect, warn the enemy—"Handle this little shrimp tenderly, you big gorillas, if you don't want to be charged with manslaughter."

Yale Bowl spectators suffer from an Albie Booth protection complex. They have a tendency to boo whenever the restless midget is solidly hit. This is unjust to the visiting team as well as to Albie. Stocky, close-knit Booth can look out for himself. He doesn't want coddling. Resilient as a circus acrobat, Albie knows how to fall lightly.

Admitting that Booth is poison to rival elevens, impartial observers realize that he cannot be handled with kid gloves. Indeed, the proper recipe for tackling Booth is to grab him above the waist. High tackles always look vicious, yet to dive at Albie's twinkling knees is to clutch empty air. His legs slither eerily out of range.

Ever since certain Yale partisans charged Army with "ganging Booth" the question of what constitutes a sportsmanlike degree of force in tackling a pygmie has been a live topic. The line between "hard football" and brutality is a nebulous one. Before the 1930 Yale-Georgia game, the referee called the Georgia players together and said in effect: "Remember, boys, you're meeting a very small chap in Booth. Handle him considerately. It is my duty to see that he gets fair treatment." The Georgia coach resented the implication but he said nothing at the time. His chance to retaliate came last Saturday when he walked over to the referee before game time leading the two smallest boys on his squad by either hand. Austin Downes, 143 pounds, and Homer Key, 138 pounds, are even lighter and shorter than Albie.

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The coach looked like a father taking two youngsters to kindergarten.

"Mr. Referee," he said, "last year you were very solicitous about Albie Booth's safety. We were careful not to hurt him. This time I've got two little boys who are smaller than Albie. Please see that they don't get bullied by those rough Yale giants."

▸▸ *Gridiron Prosperity Bulletin*

FOOTBALL gate receipts are weathering the depression very nicely, but Wall Street's waverings are reflected in cancelled reservations on special trains to out of town games. The Yale Club of New York has had to abandon its special to Chicago for the Jubilee game on October 17 in honor of Alonzo Stagg. Wholesale cancellations induced by the market crash compelled this move. It's too bad that the gold standard had to go haywire this year, for Yale has never invaded the Middle West before and the price of a round-trip ticket from New York to Chicago with lower berth and meals had been fixed at $85.00—a figure commensurate with pinched purses.

▸▸ *Vines's Victories*

THE French Tennis Federation has recognized Ellsworth Vines's genius by placing him number two on their annual world's ranking list, sight unseen. That is praise from Caesar—or at least from Caesar's most stubborn enemy.

Vines subsequently confirmed his victorious march at Forest Hills by winning two major California tournaments for virtually the same field. What's more, he twice repeated his victory over Fred Perry, the English ping-pong crack who won the first two sets at Forest Hills.

Vines is a "money player," meaning that he has the faculty of lifting his game at the psychological moment. For a time it was feared that this phrase might apply literally as well as figuratively. Tilden, you see, has been urging Vines to turn "pro." Like Red McLaughlin and Bill Johnston, Vines is a poor boy who must work for a living. Ready money constitutes a real temptation, yet at the risk of sounding cynical I would suggest that Vines can do better financially, in the long run, by remaining an amateur. The by-products of amateurism—syndicate articles and business affiliations made possible by sport page publicity—are not to be sneezed at. Besides, to be brutally material, Vines has not yet achieved the kind of enduring fame that can be capitalized at the gate. His career lies ahead.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▸▸ The Week in Business ◂◂

▸▸ *A Tonic For Confidence*

WHILE President Hoover's credit pool plan and the favorable reaction to it of the country's chief banking interests furnished the big news of the week, there were other important developments which gave further indication that business is at last finding its way out of the woods.

Commodity prices stiffened considerably. Stocks and corporation bonds made notable recoveries, with the usual week-end selling-off process much less pronounced than was expected. Steel production gained a little, and a flood of inquiries from the railroads and the motor manufacturers gave promise of further advances soon to be made.

The chief significance of the raising of the rediscount rate by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York from one and one-half to two and one-half per cent was in its deterrent effect on hoarding, which had assumed alarming proportions during the past few weeks.

Altogether, these factors gave business the best tone it has had in many months. Confidence is by no means fully restored, but it is on its way. The Calamity Janes have found little to weep over during the past three weeks. We hope they will remain dry-eyed for some time to come.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 8—68.1. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 8—64.8.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended September 26—738,029 cars (reduction of 4,599 under preceding week and of 212,634 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended October 3—29.5% of capacity (increase of 1.5% over preceding week; reduction of 27% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended October 3—daily average gross 2,147,450 barrels (reduction of 45,900 under preceding week and of 239,000 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 8—$8,875,319,000 (increase of 13.5% over preceding week, reduction of 12% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 8—518 (reduction of 25 under preceding week; increase of 45 over same week of 1930).

▸▸ *Copper and Morrow*

SO MANY and so varied were the achievements of Dwight Morrow that one of his finest was all but overlooked in the flood of splendid and true things that were said about him after his untimely death.

Before Mr. Morrow retired from his active banking career in 1927 he was guide, philosopher and friend of the copper industry. While he was acting in these capacities the price of copper, in spite of small stores of the refined metal, was never allowed to advance beyond 15 cents. And the industry prospered.

When the pressure of the friendly hand was released, the price was forced within a year to 24 cents. This attracted new and keen competition and the industry was soon involved in more than a peck of trouble. It is still struggling to get out.

The big producers, including representatives of the important African mines, are now getting together to see what can be done to save the industry. We do not know whether the spirit of Dwight Morrow will enter into their deliberations. This, however, we are sure of—copper sorely misses the touch of a vanished hand.

▸▸ *A Timely Book*

ARE you a little hazy on the meaning of the gold standard and its relation to depressions? Most people are. Get *The Banks and Prosperity* (Harper, $2.50) and clarify your ideas.

In this most readable book Dr. Lionel D. Edie of the American Capital Corporation urges that the gold standard be made to function as it was intended to. Bankers, especially, should get this message. As Dr. Edie holds them largely responsible for the instability of our present monetary structure, they may want to make a snappy come-back.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The Philharmonic

THE ancient and honorable Philharmonic Symphony Society gave its first concert of the season in Carnegie Hall on October 12 under Erich Kleiber, the young neo-Teutonic conductor who last year scored a distinct success. His program was curious. Beginning with Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, it continued with six movements of a *Tafelmusik* suite by Telemann, a contemporary of Bach, three movements from a *Tanzsinfonie* by von Reznicek and concluded with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Of the two unfamiliar numbers, the Telemann was the more interesting. His music, during his lifetime, enjoyed such a reputation that he quite eclipsed the humble Johann Sebastian Bach. But time wreaked a cruel vengeance; the pendulum swung so far in the other direction as to consign the whole of poor Telemann's immense life-work to the dustiest library shelves. Yet we are now discovering that the coating of dust was largely undeserved; here is music which can still convey us its pristine freshness and vitality. The lovely minuet sounds an individual note which seems to be sadly lacking in most of the old works resurrected by the indefatigable music archaeologist.

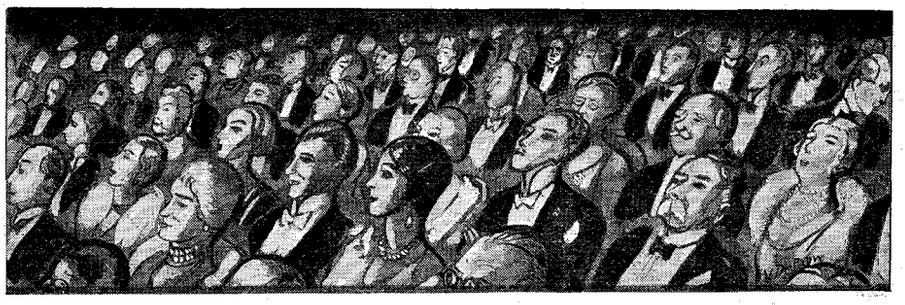
Of the Reznicek work, the less said the better. The composer, now a septuagenarian, has a vast technic; his knowledge of the orchestra, is, perhaps, even more profound than that of Strauss. Unfortunately, however, his music is almost totally devoid of individuality. Yet his lack of anything personal to say has, alas! not served to restrain his industry; so enormous is his output that it may be described as mass production. His pieces are a dreary gallery of dim echoes, showily orchestrated, full of sound and fury, but devoid of life, like some brilliantly garbed lay figure.

Mr. Kleiber showed us neither more nor less than last year—he is a superb technician—a fine drill master, whose performances satisfy the hearer by their incisive rhythms, clear-cut phrasing and soundly balanced dynamics, but are a disappointment to those who look for elements of poetry or tenderness. It is all strictly matter-of-fact. The modernist tells us that human feelings are outmoded —that art should no longer deal with the emotions. What is art, anyhow?

Certainly, however, Mr. Kleiber displayed all the brilliancy of this splendid body of musicians. The new concert master, Mishel Piastro, who had several elaborate *soli* in the Reznicek piece, showed a fine technic, genuine fire, and a large, warm tone.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

▸▸ The Latest Plays ◂◂



NOT having been a patron of Wallack's Theatre in 1857, I can't presume to compare the current revival of *The Streets of New York* or *Poverty Is No Crime* with the original presentation. Comparatively few of the rest of you being in a position to contradict me, however, I will hazard the guess that the pre-war (Civil) audiences didn't have nearly so good a time at it as those of us who see it now. In spite of the fact that the action of the piece deals with robbery, sudden death, attempted suicides, fires, a financial panic and its subsequent dire effect on the innocent, *The Streets of New York* is the best-natured show in town and fills the Forty-eighth Street Theatre with good will to overflowing. If you want something to take your mind off your current troubles, go, by all means, and see the New York Repertory Company, as Lawrence Langner calls the excellent troupe he has assembled, on an evening when they are performing Dion Boucicault's "famous comedy melodrama."

What this production of *The Streets of New York* can justly be compared with is the Christopher Morley-Cleon Throckmorton-Harry Wagstaff Gribble exhibit in Hoboken some few years back of the same author's *After Dark*. The comparison comes out overwhelmingly in favor of the current presentation. Miss Dorothy Gish, Mr. Romney Brent, Mr. Moffat Johnston, Mr. Sam Wren and Mr. Rollo Peters demonstrate conclusively that knowing how to act doesn't hinder them in the least from giving a show that is well timed good theatre as well as quaint and old-fashioned. Realism be blowed! A theatre is a theatre, or should be, and not necessarily a place to exhibit "a slice of life" and a great deal that was good theatre in 1857 still is, if the actors have the skill to keep it moving. The same holds good for Mr. Rollo Peters' delightful settings not the least charming part of which is the gay red and yellow curtain that greets us as we enter.

In sharp contrast to the above is Elmer Rice's new play, *The Left Bank*. Here is stark realism for you in plenty. If it may be said that Mr. Rice picked four pretty definite "types" to be realistic about, it must also be admitted that, granted they *would* have not only married each other but taken adjoining apartments in a Left Bank hotel in Paris, his treatment of their development is not only true to life but logical. With apparently fine impartiality the author allows it to be intimated that perhaps there is something to be said for life in America after all. I say "apparently" because eventually he leaves us with the impression that although his wife has left him for the Babbitt, the highbrow author will never see the point and will never amount to much as a writer, either, because he is too selfish to understand how anybody else could feel about anything. There is very little action in *The Left Bank*, but there is a lot of the kind of talk that intelligent people indulge in when they get into a rut and stop thinking. Naturally, art, sex and money are the chief topics. Horace Braham is consistently believable as the self-frustrated author (he blames it on his older sister and his wife); Katharine Alexander is charming and sympathetic as his wife; Donald MacDonald, the Babbitt lawyer, tries nobly to understand what it is all about; Millicent Green, playing the latter's wife, is just as shallow and transparently kittenish as she should be; and Merle Maddern is superb as the author's older sister.

The Guest Room is a play by a new author, Arthur Wilmurt, who has taken a character bit (a meddling maiden aunt) and stretched it out into the principal personage in a full length play. As played relentlessly by Miss Helen Lowell, the lady is always as exaggerated as she would have to be were she just a small part and is therefore impossible. I stayed to the end to see her get the shooting, poison or, better still, slow torture that was her due, but regret to have to tell you that the author softens at the last moment and cravenly lets her off. I suppose that was necessary in order to make the part sufficiently "sympathetic" so that as good an actress as Miss Lowell could be persuaded to play it.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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The New Movies

German Studios

THE UFA press attaché who escorted me to the studios at Neubabelsberg, just outside Berlin, was mightily on his dignity, for he was also showing the place to Lady —— of the British Embassy. (For *years* I have wanted to be able to write a piece about a "Lady ——".) It seems that members of embassies are regular visitors to movie studios. The UFA press department wore a stand-up collar, carried a cane, and looked a good deal like a banker on his way to cut himself a dividend.

UFA not only controls a goodly proportion of the theatres in Germany, Austria and nearby countries, but makes a lot of their films. This Neubabelsberg studio once changed the whole course of the American movies, by sending us such players as Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Conrad Veidt, Werner Krauss, Paul Wengner and Lya de Putti in such films as *The Last Laugh*, *Passion*, *Variety*, *Caligari*, and *The Golem*.

Not all of these pictures were liked or understood by everybody, but enough people were dissatisfied to make Hollywood take notice.

To European audiences, living in perpetual fear (or is it hope?) of the next war, historical movies mean a great deal more than in America. UFA has just finished *The Congress of Vienna*, and I saw Werner Krauss at work on *Yorck*, something from Napoleon's time. In a nearby studio Emil Jannings—who refuses to learn English and will never return to America—was romping about on a bed with a beautiful lady named Anna Sten. The film will be an underworld story, but a comedy, with Jannings as a stupid crook.

Tobis, another German company, has just completed a large studio at Johannisthal, also not far from Berlin. Although the paint is hardly dry, several companies are hard at work and in a few years they will offer UFA real competition, inasmuch as they are the owners of the sound patents of the *klangfilm*, which gives them considerable financial and political power. Tobis has just started a chain of theatres in America, but they will show pictures from their Paris studio as well.

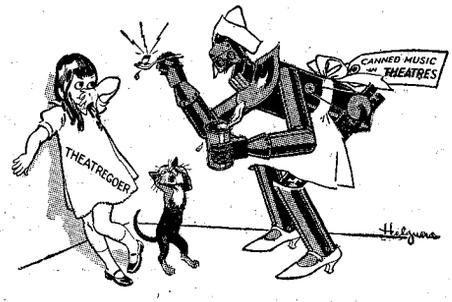
Censorship in Germany—and don't let anybody ever tell you that it is an American invention—is carried out by the national German government itself. The Departments of Education and the Interior choose a President of the Chamber of Censors, who, in turn, appoints a committee of about six, and their word is final for the whole German Republic. They seldom delete sections from a film, but usually forbid it entirely when they disapprove. Censorship is as absurd in Germany as in New York state. *The Beggar's Opera* played on forty-eight stages in all parts of Germany, but was heavily slashed into by the movie censors. The forbidding of our film, *All Quiet On the Western Front*, had results equal to those achieved by prohibition in our own country. It was decided that you couldn't see the film unless you were a member of the "International League," or some similar club. To get in you bought a "membership" card from some nearby shop and then, as a member, you saw the film "free."

Girl Makes Good

Right in the middle of a big Czechoslovakian talkie epic I went sound asleep, to be awakened only by people walking over me on their way out. They make movies in Prague, chiefly celebrations of events in their national history showing excessively noble peasants revolting against excessively cruel nobles. As to the language, I must confess that it was my weakness in Czechoslovakian which was really responsible for my leaving college.

There is in Prague, however, a very handsome magazine known as "Eva," and in the September issue is a long article about one Greto Garbová, and looking down the page I caught such items as "Grety Garbové . . . . Greto Garbovich . . . . ach, sex appealum, sex appealum," etc., etc., which show that the Czechs are fundamentally sound no matter what anybody tells you.

CREIGHTON PEET.



THE ROBOT:

"Take it, dear, it's genuine music."

WISE CHILD:

"It's only more of that old canned sound, and I'm tired of it."

THERE is one way to protest against the elimination of LIVING MUSIC from the theatre: Add your voice to those of millions who have joined the Music Defense League. It costs nothing, carries no obligation. Sign and mail the coupon!

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*

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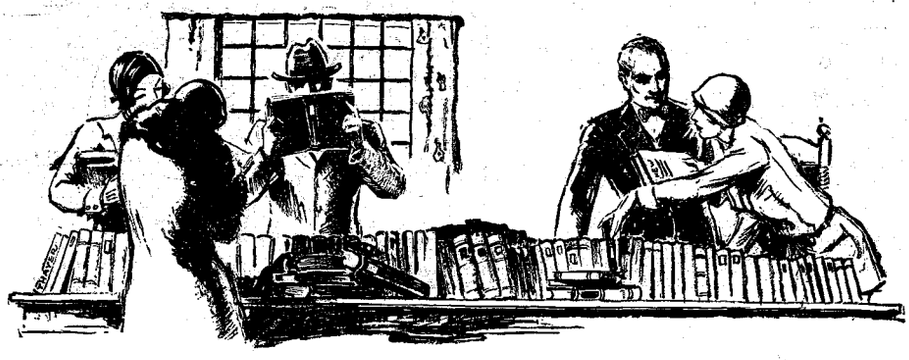
The New Books



The American Dream

THE American dream, Mr. Adams tells us, was "of a land in which life should be better and richer and fuller for every man, with opportunity for each according to his ability and his achievement." In *The Epic of America*, by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown & Co., $3), is to be found the story of that dream; how it came into being, the degree to which it has been fulfilled, the degree to which it has been defeated. It is a story told in hurrying decades, with small attention to battles and dates. It is simply told, for the benefit of the average man who knows no history and in many places the story is vastly exciting.

In a sense, of course, Mr. Adams is following in the steps of Charles and Mary Beard whose *The Rise of American Civilization* looked deeply into the fundamentals of America. They reached a conclusion not dissimilar to the one Mr. Adams reaches. They said that the future of the American dream depended upon faith in democracy, upon the wider distribution of "the blessings of civilization—health, security, material goods, knowledge, leisure and æsthetic appreciation . . . ." Let Mr. Adams phrase it conversely: the failure of the American dream, he writes, is "the failure of self-government, the failure of the common man to rise to full stature, the failure of all that the American dream has held of hope and promise for mankind."

I DO not mean, for a moment, that Mr. Adams has merely worked over the material to be found in the earlier study by Dr. and Mrs. Beard. He has amply demonstrated before this—in his *The Founding of New England* and in *The Adams Family*—his talents as an exponent of the new history at its best. *The Epic of America*, although its separate parts may offer little that is new, is both novel and refreshing when the sum of those parts is considered. Upon the bare facts of American history has played a first-class mind. Mr. Adams is a realist without being pessimistic. He is an optimist without being too visionary. Most important of all, he writes of the American dream as one who cherishes it and who deplores those forces which would bring about its dissolution.

THE value of *The Epic of America* lies in Mr. Adams's knowledge of history and in the quality of his mind. In lesser hands this would have been another volume of sugar-coated culture. But here is set forth the growth of the American dream as the pioneers hacked their way through the forests, as the nation came into being, as the broad Mississippi helped to build an Empire such as the world had never known. This was truly an experiment in democracy, a fact so readily forgotten these days. This new, unvarnished nation produced great men. It survived a fearful war. It withdrew from its isolation when the World War came. Mr. Adams writes with faith that the dream may continue: "The prospect is discouraging today, but not hopeless. As we compare America in 1931 with the America of 1912 it seems as though we had slipped a long way backwards. But this period is short, after all, and the whole world has been going through the fires of Hell."

The war delayed the consummation of the dream. "For Europe the war was an economic debâcle; for us it was a moral calamity." To me, Mr. Adams is wholly convincing in his analysis of the past fifteen years. It was refreshing to read his condemnation of Harding normalcy, Coolidge prosperity, and the Hoover policy of struggling "against both adversity and truth." There will be many who will disagree with Mr. Adams's insistence that the American dream did not include quantity to the exclusion of quality, evasion for directness, flushed prosperity and not healthy growth. That does not matter. What matters is that a few, when they read *The Epic of America*, may wonder whether they have not been betrayed by the leaders they chose in 1920, 1924 and 1928.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

The Week's Reading

The Real Romanovs
By Gleb Botkin
Fleming H. Revell, $3.00

God pity the Russians; for their biographers don't. Mr. Botkin expresses, to be sure, his own sympathy for them, says they have been in ways grossly misrepresented, especially Nicholas II and Alexandra, and attributes their catastrophic ruin to a false system of education and congenital delusions. But his pity is submerged in the unique series of brutalities and stupidities recorded in the 331 pages of these memoirs. This is no place to avoid superlatives. If the facts of this book be true, it is at once the most convincing and damning memoirs brought out since 1918. The book reads with the same thrill that would attach to the account of some eyewitness who had suddenly stepped out of the dim past and told with graphic accuracy what actually happened at the death of the founder of Christianity. If untrue, its imaginative power still remains. What are the facts? Mr. Botkin, whose father, Dr. Eugene Botkin, was family physician to the Romanovs from 1908 to July 17, 1918, when all the Romanovs and their entire suite, with the alleged exception of Grand Duchess Anastasia but including Dr. Botkin, were shot down in Ekaterinburg, was on the ground. He has every reason to know what he is talking about, and he writes with a gallant objectivity that goes virtually the whole way toward proving the sincerity of his purpose. Such Romanovs as still survive would probably be better off had he remained silent. But silence neither uncovers the truth nor furthers justice. He has shown how wildly insane the Russians were for war in August, 1914. That will be unpleasant

Fiction Worth Reading

The Corn King and the Spring Queen, by Naomi Mitchison: Harcourt, Brace. A highly readable historical novel which vividly recreates Grecian civilization in the third century B. C.

Pan's Parish, by Louise Redfield Peattie: Century. A charming and exotic tale of the strange happenings in the little Provencal village of Fantosque.

Shadows On the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the days of Frontenac.

The Story of Julian, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. Young love and its problems in an English village, by the author of Madame Claire and The Galaxy.

All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West: Doubleday, Doran. A witty and lovely fantasy of old age.

NON-FICTION

Coconut Oil, by Corey Ford: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. June Triplett's latest adventures told in the manner of the best known African explorers.

The Tragic Queen, by Andrew Dakers: Houghton Mifflin. Lovers of English history will enjoy this excellent biography of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright. Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. The Congressional Library's present most popular book.

Living Philosophies, A Symposium: Simon & Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers.

Will America Become Catholic? by John F. Moore: Harper. The sanest discussion of the actual position of the Catholic Church in the United States which has yet appeared.

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reading matter in some patriotic lairs. He puts Karensky, Rasputin and Anna Vyrubova in a light in which they have hitherto neither shone nor blinked. His pictures of Russian life make one feel like throwing the works of some Russian writers in the oil-burner. He may overdo the score of narrow escapes he himself had, for he himself contends that the Bolsheviks are the world's most perfect bunglers. But his account of the daughter, Anastasia, who was snatched from the burning when it was thought that all were dead, is quite apart from the quivering excitement derivable from reading it, also a challenge. Due to the inertia of the Courts of Denmark and England, and the corruption and disintegration of the ex-Courts of Russia and Hesse-Darmstadt, it would at least not hurt the American people as such to get that young woman out of the American sanatorium and, with her identity proved, do something for her. This part of the memoirs, written in a captivating manner and given out to the general public with apparent regret, does more than entertain the mind—it stirs the blood. It does just that to read that a harmless girl should be kept, as Gleb Botkin alleges Anastasia is being kept in this country, to the end that her death may see the allocation of a few million dollars to down-and-out but out-and-out relatives who, instead of seizing every opportunity to show mercy to the last of the Romanovs, have disowned her forever. Books of this nature come out only once in a century or two because humanity reaches such a low level with no greater frequency.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Jungle of the Mind
By Edgar James Swift
Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.50

Starting with the premise that "thinking is not a natural, spontaneous process," Dr. Swift goes on to discuss in highly entertaining fashion some of the substitutes for thinking in which *homo sapiens* is prone to indulge while he deludes himself into believing he is using his mind. Man *can* think and reason—therein lies one of the main differences between him and the beasts—but thinking is a painfully acquired ability and almost everybody would rather not. Believing is far pleasanter than cogitating and unquestionably the happiest human beings are those who are never called on to decide a problem through the use of their own brains, but who pass through life believing what they themselves wish to and what those with whom they come into contact want them to believe. Science, instead of making people less credulous, has been used by faith healers, mind readers, behaviorists and psychoanalysts as a plausible background for their preposterous or half true claims or theories. None of these things is any more remarkable than radio is their claim. Without ever being too technical and always with a keen sense of humor, the author clearly and in a readable style suggests the amount of salt with which the nostrums of the above seers should be taken.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Behind the Blurbs

70,000 Witnesses
By Cortland Fitzsimmons
McBride, $2.00

Muse with detective Kethridge over the strange death of Walter Demuth, football star, who died, apparently of apoplexy, at the end of a run that scored a touchdown for State. Keep on puzzling when a couple of other fellows pop off in the same queer way. Not that you'll have much doubt as to the identity of the murderer, but how did he do it? Well, it was very ingenious, and we're glad he's no longer at large. Oh yes, they caught him, with a simple little stratagem, which is always a good thing to catch criminals with.

The Corn King and the Spring Queen
By Naomi Mitchison
Harcourt, Brace, $3.50

Tarrik and Erif were king and queen of the Scythian kingdom of Marob in the Third Century B. C. If you follow them through the 700 pages of this splendid historical novel, you will not only read a continuously interesting story, but you will become intimately acquainted with the life and ideas of the time, not only in Scythia, but in Sparta and Egypt, into whose politics and intrigue the Corn King and the Spring Queen are led by the threads of the plot. We can give no idea of the complicated richness of the story in this short space—of the character drawing, the vividness of presentation, and the unobtrusiveness of the immense erudition that is its solid skeleton. We advise you very strongly to read it.

Easy to Kill
By Hulbert Footner
Harpers, $2.00

Mme. Storey, the lady dick, gets on the trail of a lad named Nick, a well-born gent who is pretty slick at blackmailing people who're old and sick. If they don't come through, they pop off quick, before they can say Jack Robinsick. Well, anyway, after being captured by the arch villain and his social registrite accomplices, Mme. S. and her secretary escape with the help of two gentlemanly gunmen, take refuge with the genial recluse, Betsy Pryor, and set a trap for Nick, into which— Well, read it yourself if you're so anxious to know! Mme. S. is always interesting to spend an hour or two with.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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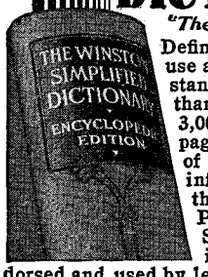

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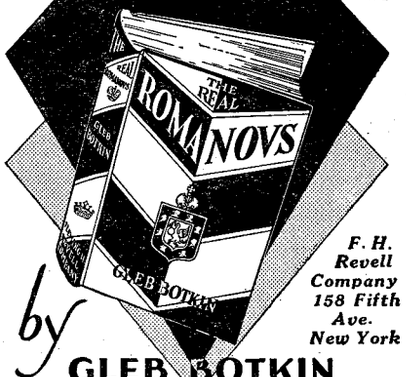

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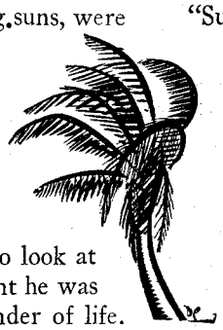
From the Life

Nature

WHEN his children were born he looked more proud and kingly than all the fathers that had ever lived before him. That first time he was the wonder and admiration of the whole zoo. Every keeper found time during the day to stop in front of the cage and let his spirit be ruffled with awe. The head of the magnificent puma was lifted several inches higher than usual, his great forepaws stretched at ease in front of him; his eyes, like penetrating suns, were fixed on eternity. The three little creatures behind him, mewing and nuzzling against their mother's side, seemed only the more helpless and touching to be the cause of their father's majesty. For one had only to look at him to see that at this moment he was lord of the future and defender of life. No other species could ever matter. He had made his own secure for the ages.



His mate, her beautiful tawny body exhausted and at last relaxed, was indifferent to his pride. Except for one encircling golden paw she seemed indifferent even to the little creatures that pressed anxiously against her. This is life?—they seemed to be asking in a great puzzle. This is where we find it? This light pressing against our eyes? This air pushing into our throats and rushing out again? This warmth against our mouths? And they rolled and curled themselves even more closely against their mother, trying to crouch back into the known and familiar while they blinked their innocent blind eyes in the face of the great wonder.

"Just like kittens," said one keeper to another indulgently.

"Yeah," said the other keeper, nodding his head, "and she don't seem to notice 'em no more'n a sleepy cat. But lemme tell you something, brother. Don't try to stroke one of them kittens in front of her! There'd be no health in it for anybody."

The other keeper threw back his head and laughed. "In front of him, you mean," he said significantly and in spite of himself he shuddered slightly as he walked away. "Looks like the Lord of Creation, settin' there like a statue in front of his family," he muttered to himself with a grin.

So the whole zoo was properly shocked the next morning when the tragedy was discovered.

The keepers, with bulging eyes, stared at the three tiny, lifeless bodies stretched on the floor of the cage. The mother puma, weak and dazed, bent her head doubtfully above them, licking one and then another, watching for life—waiting for something.

On the far side of the cage sat the lordly one. His head was held perhaps not quite so high as yesterday but his topaz eyes burned as inscrutably as ever. What was he staring at so calmly, so steadily? One day acting like the king of life, and the next day quiet as a murderer?

"Sure he killed 'em," said the head keeper bitterly. "Never heard of jealousy among animals, eh. Well, there's many a male can't stand the sight of his mate lovin' her babies. Why, wouldn't they kill anything that got in their way? They're killers born, by nature."

The next time they were on the lookout for him. "You needn't be trying any of your deceitful tricks on us," they warned him. "We're on to you this time—an' the minute them babies arrive it'll be solitary confinement for you."

But he was too quick for them. The new batch of babies arrived in the night, and by the time their rescuers could be ready for the move the small creatures were past helping. Struck and torn by a swift, cruel paw, they had had no time to wonder even what life was about. This time the father, more magnificent than ever, watched the mother trying to console herself over the dead babies.

"It's too cruel even to be natural," exploded one of the under keepers.

Three times the mother puma had her young. Three times the ugly, violent murder happened. Three times the father puma, calm and silent, announced himself to be the king of life and death.

The fourth batch of kittens arrived with dawn. The keepers shook him from his posture of disdainful pride and hustled him into the smaller cage. For once the mother was to be allowed her babies. They pressed close to her side. She bent her head and nuzzled them.

The next morning the keepers went in triumph to the cage. There, stretched out, dead and still bleeding, were the new babies. Her eyes closing and unclosing, her golden paws relaxed, the mother puma was taking her rest from birth and murder. The stain of blood, which they had never thought to look for other years, was on her twitching claws.

"My God!" swore the head keeper under his breath, "and me telling about nature!"

IBBY HALL.

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Prose and Worse

CAPTAIN HOOKER has sent in another set of verses. "Perhaps," he writes, "you will not care to print these. I had you in mind, of course, in writing them —you and your penny-pinching policy of paying nothing unless you can help it for contributions to your column. You let others write it for you, and you pocket the pay: that's the truth of the matter. Can you deny it, sir? No, you cannot. And I would not contribute another line, were it not that certain readers of your paper have hinted that I do not write the verses I send you, but steal them from dead authors. I think you will find internal evidence in the verses enclosed that they were written in the current year. And I believe that your literary integrity will triumph over your reluctance to face criticism, and will force you to print them."

Well, as the only criticism seems to be the suggestion that we can talk a creditor out of his bill, we are glad to print the verses, not only in justice to the Capt., but in the hope that some of our creditors may see them and be convinced by them that we are too slippery or hardboiled to tackle. So here they are.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

If you can keep your shirt when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on Hoover,
If you can see the firm get on without you
And find a job as a piano mover;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And stake it on a recommended stock,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And still not put your overcoat in hock;
If you can walk with queens and keep your virtue,
Or talk with kings, nor fail to make a touch,
If you can greet the wolf with an "O nerts, you
Old bum, you don't intimidate me much!"
If you can fill the unforgiving creditor
With $60 worth of good clean fun—
Why then you'd make a darn good OUTLOOK editor,
Than which there's nothing worse on earth, my son.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

IN spite of the radio, phonograph and any amount of other sorts of "plugging" there are certain popular compositions in the line of song and dance music that seem to have the power of enduring over a number of years. They would seem to come under two main heads: either they are simple and sentimental in words and melody—usually from the good old self-pity angle, or else they are of such a structure musically that band leaders and singers want to see what they can do with them.

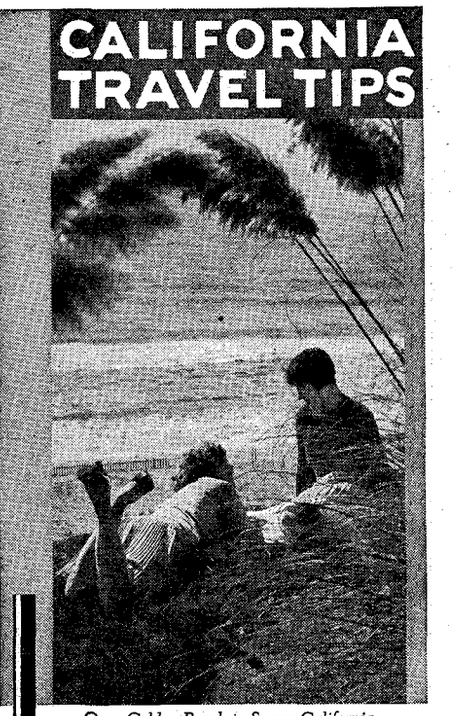
In the first class comes *Shine on, Harvest Moon*, which is currently having such a revival. Of course, Ruth Etting's rendition of it in the Ziegfeld Follies and on Perfect Record No. 12737 has a lot to do with its present burst but it has been one of the ones we sing after the third highball ever since Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes wrote it. An ingenious treatment is by the Boswell Sisters, which has just appeared[1]. They back it up with *Heebie Jeebie*—a perfect title.

It has taken Jack Hylton and His Orchestra, from London, to give us the best *Limehouse Blues* and *Tiger Rag*[2]—both on the same disk. These are both the kind of number that imaginative bands use sheerly as a base for their fancy, and fancy is what Hylton's fancy is. Another English importation is the New Mayfair Orchestra's concoction called *A Musical Comedy Switch*[3]. This is a very clever arrangement by a man called Hall of fairly recent musical comedy tunes, differing from the usual thing along this line not only in the brilliance of the orchestration but in the fact that he never gives us the whole chorus or verse of any of them, but blends the themes together, using just short bits of each.

Although recent, *Mood Indigo*, which Duke Ellington wrote and played for Victor[4], is obviously due for permanent popularity among the appreciators of the bizarre. If you don't believe me, get Lee Morse's idea of it as a song[5]. A gem of its class.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick 6173.
2. H.M.V. B.5789.
3. H.M.V. B.3875.
4. Victor 22587.
5. Columbia 2530-D.



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Poverty in Park Avenue

(Continued from Page 241)

It may not be surprising by this time, but it is interesting to note the number of people who have changed their shopping center from the Fifty-seventh street neighborhood to the Thirty-fourth street section. A great many country and beach outfits came this summer from the five-ninety-five counters and racks, sometimes cheaper, but seldom from the really "up-in-the-money" shelves. From the ranks of the envied environs of Park Avenue have emerged plenty of bargain snatchers.

As I have said, the bootleggers still do a thriving business but a lot of the stuff they sell is straight alcohol at around eight dollars a gallon. A gallon makes ten quarts of bathtub gin and it is passable stuff. It may be hard on bathtub enamel, but since most people have short term leases on apartments, they can always move into others where the tubs are fresh and ready for the next season's gin. A bootlegger told me that he could get marvelous imported gin, but that it sold for sixty-five dollars a case. He shrugged his shoulders, saying disconsolately, "What's the use? I don't have any calls for it. Everybody's drinking the synthetic stuff."

This occasionally mentioned financial slump has even penetrated the children's minds. Not long ago a man who has one of the show places of Westchester, which he can no longer keep open except on a camping or serve-yourself style, was speaking of the time when he had his swimming pool built. His ten-year-old daughter was listening to the conversation and interposed quite casually, without raising her voice, "That was when we had money."

Park Avenue doesn't telephone as madly as it once did. They stop and ponder, "Is it worth while to spend a nickel to talk with So and So?" Every one threatens to collect five cents from those wanderers who drop in and have hardly greeted their hostess before asking, "Oh, do you mind if I use your telephone for a moment? There's a call I simply must make and I just haven't had a minute!"

And as for electric lights, Park Avenue goes leaping all over the house turning off unnecessary lamps here and there. One person, whose library and card room was lighted only by lamps, the room having no bracket or overhead fixtures, had the misfortune of breaking the large globe in the indirect lighting lamp.

"Well," she sighed, "we simply had to move into another room for bridge the rest of the summer. We couldn't see without that lamp and we couldn't possibly afford to buy another large bulb."

Of course, the majority of Park Avenue residents have stopped lavish entertaining. The old days of a large dinner, theatre and dancing party seem like a dream. One did get dressed in one of one's many best bibs and tuckers and start gaily out almost every evening in the week. It was unbelievable that any one should limit the courses of the dinner or omit any small flourish. It didn't happen. At one of this year's parties the hostess refused to have after-dinner coffee served because *demi-tasses* were twenty-five cents each. In order that her guests would not notice the discrepancy, the lady rushed them off to the theatre before they had time to realize that they had missed their coffee.

Rumors are that this year's crop of débutantes will be much less fêted than is customary. The mythical "they" say that at the début parties there will be less food and drink and that the florists will not be so magnificently patronized. And since a goodly portion of once blooming, booming customer's men have been forced into giving up their luxurious flats for their one-room cells at the Allerton, there won't be so much eligibility to pick from. I know for certain of one prospective bud whose coming out plans have had to be shifted to a doubtful next year, and there must be many others. There is another whose family went ahead with the plans and gave a party in the country for their young hopeful, but they have completely abandoned the idea of a soirée in town later in the season.

Ah well—as bromidic as it is, we live and we learn.

King Huey of Louisiana

(Continued from Page 239)

while the Governor took his vengeance.

Since the senatorial election, the papers have calmed down considerably, whether from resignation or expediency is not generally known. The two most belligerent organs in the state at present are the *Progress*, Long's paper, and the *Guardian*, a young and rather meager anti-administration sheet which makes up for its physical scantiness by the vigor of its crusading tactics. The editors of these journals are proud of their resolution to abstain from damning personalities, particularly when the material is so handy. True, the *Progress* has slipped from its lofty standard to print some highly unpleasant cartoons depicting a New Orleans journalist as a dope-fiend, and the *Guardian* frequently pictures His Excellency under the influence of liquor. Beyond that, however, the editors show commendable restraint.

Louisiana is experiencing a comparatively quiet political season just at present. The truce signed by the Long factions and the New Orleans "Old Regulars" has dampened a lot of gunpowder, and Huey himself has declared a holiday on politics. It will be only a year and a half at the most before the Governor goes to Washington, and patience is a sterling virtue in the Pelican State. One occasionally hears of plans to prevent the newly elected Senator from taking his seat, but not many take that idea very seriously. After all, Huey's departure seems to be the only answer to the most exasperating question in the state: "What can you do with a man like that?"

Roosevelt: A Biography

(Continued from Page 245)

"with a frankness which our timid friends would call brutal":

> . . . . I would regard a war with Spain from two viewpoints: First, the advisability on the ground both of humanity and self-interest of interfering on behalf of the Cubans, and of taking one more step toward the complete freeing of America from European domination; second, *the benefit done to our people by giving them something to think of which isn't material gain, and especially the benefit done our military forces by trying both the Army and Navy in actual practise.* I should be very sorry not to see us make the experiment of trying to land, and therefore to feed and clothe, an expeditionary force, if only for the sake of learning from our blunders. I should hope that the force would have some fighting to do. It would be a great lesson, and we would profit much by it. . . .

The military-spiritual adventure which Roosevelt desired would mean, of

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course, the loss of many lives, but this was a detail which never bothered him. He was not, he wrote in 1902, "in the least sensitive about killing any number of men if there is adequate reason . . . ."

Conditions in Cuba grew worse after January 1, 1898. American citizens were imprisoned. Riots had occurred in Havana and, at the request of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, the second-class battleship *Maine* was dispatched to Havana harbor. No attention was paid to disgruntled murmurings against the presence of the warship. There was nothing to prepare Secretary Long for the shock on the morning of February 16, 1898, when, at 1:30 o'clock, he was awakened by his daughter with a dispatch announcing that the *Maine* had been blown up.

". . . . I would give anything," wrote Roosevelt that morning, "if President McKinley would order the fleet to Havana tomorrow . . . . The *Maine* was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards . . . ." This was before any details had been received and while Captain Sigsbee, who had survived the disaster, was asking the public to suspend judgment until "further report." The President, doubtless realizing the futility of it, continued to hope for peace while his Court of Inquiry began its deliberations.

Roosevelt, not McKinley, sensed correctly the temper of the country. The rantings of Hearst, continuous for over a year, had been effective. A really proud nation might have scorned war with Spain, a power that was almost bankrupt and had a population of only 18,000,000 as against 75,000,000 in the United States. All other sentiments, however, were swept aside by the winds of the war fever. Roosevelt watched with contempt the efforts of McKinley to avoid the struggle. The President, he told his intimates, "has no more backbone than a chocolate eclair."

At this crisis, wearied by the excess of burdens, Secretary Long decided to take an afternoon off. He did so on February 25, and regretted it exceedingly. The next day he wrote in his diary that "the very devil had seemed to possess" his assistant:

. . . . I find that Roosevelt, in his precipitate way, has come very near causing more of an explosion than happened to the *Maine*. . . . Having authority for that time of Acting Secretary, he immediately began to launch peremptory orders; distributing ships, ordering ammunition, which there is no means to move, to places where there is no means to store it. . . . He has gone at things like a bull in a china shop. . . . It shows how the best fellow in the world—and with splendid capacities—is worse than no use if he lacks a cool head and discrimination. . . .

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

The criticism may have been partly justified, but by no means entirely. For some time Roosevelt had been watching with admiration the naval career of George Dewey. He persuaded the Commodore to use what political influence he possessed to have himself designated Admiral of the Asiatic Fleet. This was done, as Dewey believed, against the wishes of the Secretary of the Navy. As to that, the evidence is not conclusive. At all events, he sailed for Japan on December 8, 1897, and took with him all available data on waters adjacent to the Philippine Islands. He arrived at Hong-Kong on February 17, 1898, just in time to hear by cable that the *Maine* had gone down. On February 25 he received the famous cable sent by Acting Secretary Roosevelt. This ordered him to coal his ships and to make certain, "in the event of declaration of war," that the Spanish squadron did not leave the Asiatic coast. He was also to begin "defensive operations" in the Philippines. This cable made possible the naval victory at Manila Bay.

Highly excited, Roosevelt continued his pleas to Secretary Long for war preparations. A month prior to the explosion in Havana Harbor he had suggested a "flying squadron" which would slip through Gibraltar at night, destroy Barcelona and strike Cadiz. His letters do not, however, bear out the accusation that he desired an attack on Spain's fleet, rumored to be about to cross the Atlantic, before war had been declared. As President, Roosevelt denied any such intention. He did believe that the sailing of the fleet should be regarded as an act of war and notice to that effect given to Spain. Word of the Spanish squadron's departure reached the United States on March 25, 1898.

"We will have this war for the freedom of Cuba," he insisted, shaking a fist toward Senator Hanna, at a Gridiron Dinner on March 26, "in spite of the timidity of the commercial interests."

Roosevelt was right. The diplomat, as he had urged in his address before the Naval War College, had become "the servant . . . . of the soldier." By March 20, 1898, McKinley knew that the Court of Inquiry would declare that the *Maine* had been destroyed by a submarine mine; this meant that war was inevitable. The report was handed to Congress on March 28, at a time when every member had "two or three newspapers in his district . . . . printed in red ink . . . . shouting for blood." McKinley surrendered to the war party. "Remember the Maine" became the battle-cry of the nation. A strong President could have avoided the war; on April 10, the day before McKinley sent his message to Congress, the American Ambassador at Madrid notified the State Department that Spain would go "as far and as fast as she can" to insure peace. Even Rhodes, friendly as he was to McKinley, referred to it as "this unnecessary war."

"I abhor unjust war," he wrote in his autobiography. ". . . . I should never advocate war unless it were the only alternative to dishonor."

•

Roosevelt had a "bully" time in Cuba with his harum-scarum Rough Riders, and right under the noses of Richard Harding Davis and other correspondents. He "stole" a transport at Tampa to get his regiment to Cuba, and he and Leonard Wood were so effective in their efforts in the island that when the war ended Wood was Military Governor and Roosevelt was brigade commander. Roosevelt bought food and beer for his men, dined with his sergeants and was generally unconventional, sometimes to the distress of Wood. A thrilling and amusing account of this first journey on the road to the Presidency

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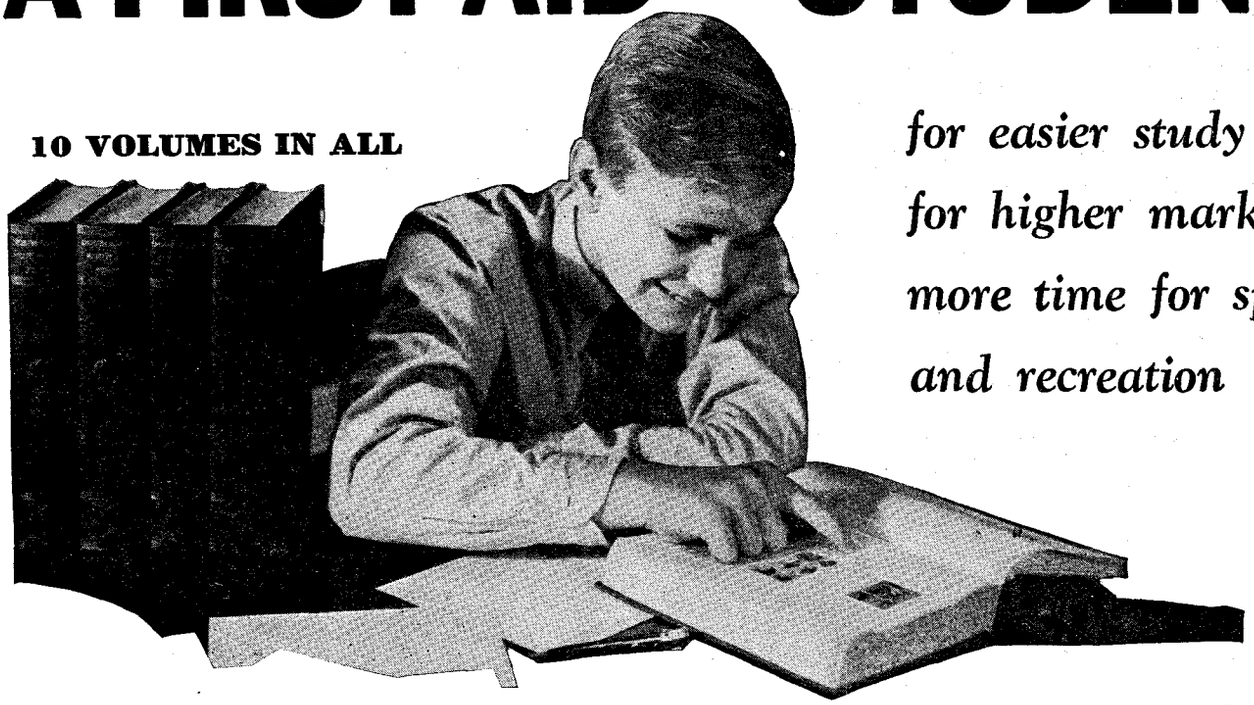

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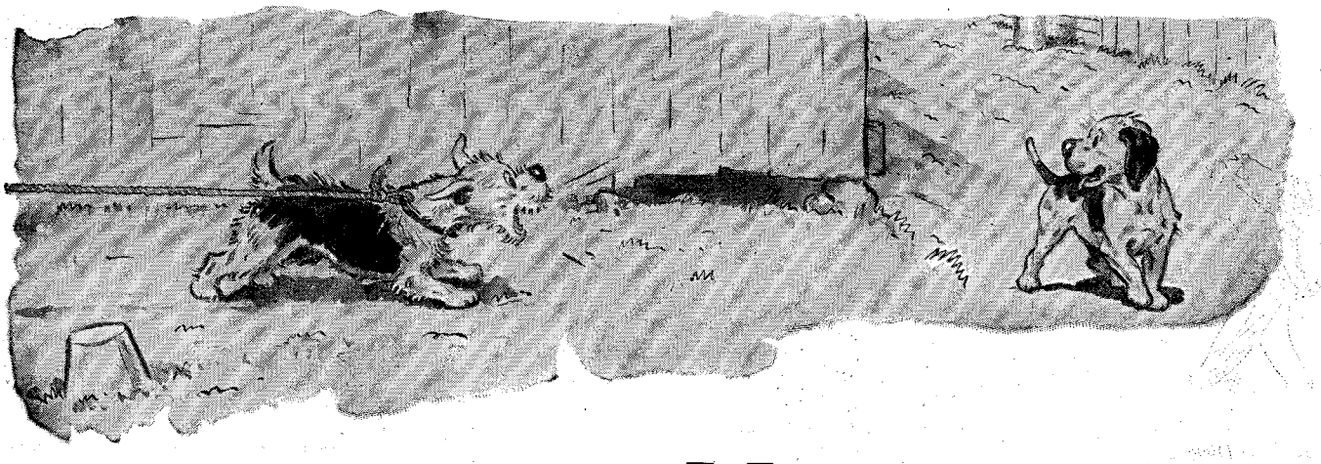

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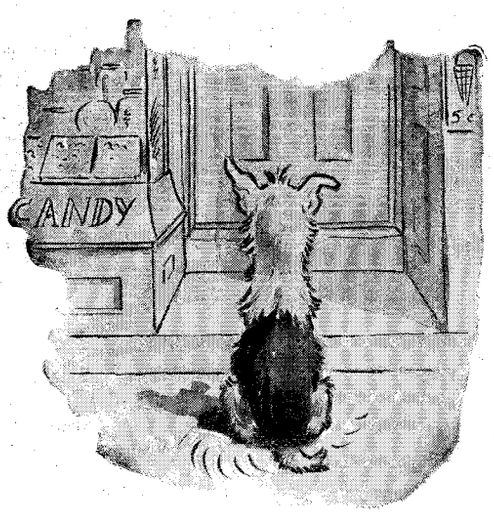

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